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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1898.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



MRS. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

FROM A MINIATURE BY AMALIA KÜSSNER.

A NEW MOVEMENT IN ENGLISH LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

A GREAT REVOLUTION IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING READERS. SIR GEORGE NEWNES, HARMSWORTH BROTHERS, AND C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LIMITED, ARE ITS PRINCIPAL LEADERS.



LADY NEWNES.

Photo by Dooney, Ebury Street, S.W.

When the history of the modern world of literature and journalism comes to be written, one of its most fascinating chapters will begin with the founding of *Tit-Bits* by Sir George Newnes. What Charles Knight was to an earlier decade, Sir George Newnes is to our own, but Sir George has counted his thousands where Knight had merely hundreds of readers to boast of. For this the founder of *Tit-Bits* has, of course, the Time Spirit to thank. It was the Education Act that we owe to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. W. E. Forster that made the millions of readers possible from whom Sir George Newnes has derived his magnificent success. Sir George was himself a boy of nineteen when that Education Act was passed. He grew into manhood while the fruits of that measure were being reaped throughout England, and while thousands upon thousands of the youth of the country were learning to read. He caught that new public at the psychological moment—at what may be considered a crisis in our national well-being—by the production of *Tit-Bits*. He may claim, I think, the honourable distinction that he led this vast mass of young life, to which a new world was opening, in the direction of thoroughly healthy and informative reading. There is not at the first blush anything worthy of very great admiration, nothing calling for superlatives, in the pennyworth that all the world knows under the not very æsthetic name of *Tit-Bits*. None the less, however, the first conception of a paper of this kind was a matter of real genius. The crowding together week after week of an immense mass of facts about people and things seems easy enough now. At the time Sir George Newnes began it had a strong element of novelty. It cannot be doubted that the Puritan associations of his early years helped him to build up his journal upon rigidly pure lines, and thus assisted in its effectiveness.

But able as was Sir George Newnes's first venture, I am disposed to admire him even more for the *Strand Magazine*, which followed it. The *Strand Magazine*

was brimful of ideas; its "celebrities at various periods of their lives," its "illustrated interviews," and many other features, gave it a freshness and a newness which has certainly pertained to no monthly periodical started since. A great gulf separated the thousand-and-one magazines which appeared before the *Strand*. In some respects they were better—they were certainly more devoted to pure literature—but then the *Strand Magazine* must have entered thousands of homes where previously no publication of the kind had ever found admission. To have been the pioneer of the dissemination of this great mass of really excellent reading throughout the length and breadth of the land is a distinction upon which Sir George Newnes is well entitled to congratulate himself. He is interesting on account of this; he is interesting also on account of the brilliant

young men whose careers have been largely moulded through his early initiative.

The first and foremost of these young men is, of course, Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. Mr. Harmsworth is, even now, only at the beginning of his career: he is not very far advanced into the thirties. Nevertheless, his record is one of which a man of sixty might be proud. He has amassed, not, as is occasionally done, by gambling on the Stock Exchange or elsewhere in the commercial world, a large fortune at this early age; he has contested Parliament, contributed with apparently limitless generosity to Arctic research, and has flung himself into almost every branch of the journalistic world. In a number of his publications—many of which, I believe, are great sources of profit—I have no interest. They

are, no doubt, excellently produced and admirably edited. All of them, I believe, are a source of harmless amusement or instruction. *Answers*, the publication out of which Mr. Harmsworth commenced to build up his fortune, is very much akin to *Tit-Bits*. It has the same admirably organised mass of information and of piquant paragraphs. Mr. Harmsworth became more interesting to many of us when he founded the *Daily Mail* and *Harmsworth's Magazine*. The *Daily Mail* has now definitely taken its place as one of the great London dailies. It has many of the most distinguished writers of the time among its contributors. Mr. Steevens, its correspondent at Khartoum, was one of the most individual of all the correspondents during the recent struggle. Its literary reviews are admirably done by Mr. Robert Leighton. There is much in its general reading matter that attracts, although I personally regret that its serial story—a feature it has introduced into London journalism, and which has, no doubt, come to stay—is on such a poor literary plane. What, however, makes the *Daily Mail* so great and successful a journal is its effective sub-editing. For the busy man it sets forth the salient aspects of news from day to day with a conciseness that is altogether admirable.

Of Mr. Harmsworth's other literary publication, the *Harmsworth Magazine*, I have not space to speak here. If I had, I should not be inclined to follow the immense mass of controversy to which it has given rise. To some of us who are engaged more or less in the world of journalism, that controversy has scarcely less excitement than a prize-fight or a cock-fight must have had to our grandfathers, or than a horse-race has for many of our contemporaries. But the end is not yet. Meanwhile, I am quite certain that Mr. Harmsworth owes a great deal of his success to his attractive personality. To know him is to like him very much indeed. A conversation with him is always exhilarating, and this early accession of wealth has not been accompanied by the least particle of what is called "side." Mr. Alfred Harmsworth is energetically supported in his journalistic enterprises by a number of brothers, to



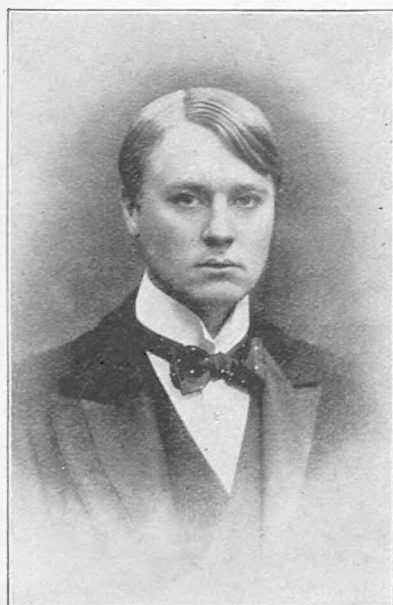
SIR GEORGE NEWNES, BART.

Photo by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.



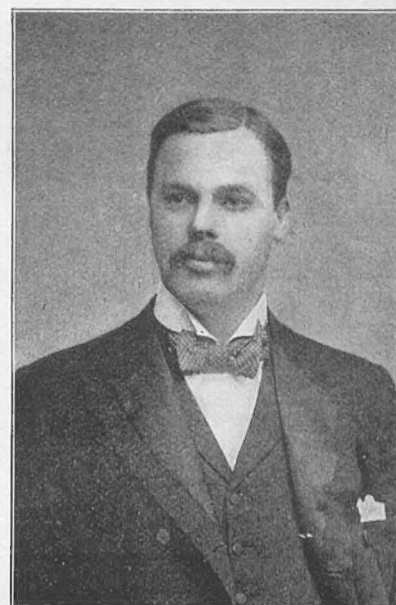
MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.

Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.



MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

Photo by Thomson, Grosvenor Street, W.



MR. HAROLD HARMSWORTH.

Photo by Watery, Regent Street, W.

the eldest of whom—Mr. Harold Harmsworth—he always acknowledges his indebtedness on account of that brother's singularly brilliant commercial gifts.

Lastly, I come to Mr. Arthur Pearson, who is the head of the great firm of C. A. Pearson, Limited. Mr. Pearson was educated at Winchester. His journalistic enthusiasms took him very early in life into the employment of Sir George Newnes. He founded *Pearson's Weekly*, which



THE COVER OF THE "ROYAL MAGAZINE."

became a great success. He is the proprietor, or part-proprietor, of any number of journals, and a quite recent achievement, *Pearson's Magazine*, is one of the most brilliantly edited publications of the day. It is generally understood that *Pearson's Weekly* owed its early success to an ingenious scheme by which a competition was set on foot, the prize of which was a wife and £100 a-year for life. Mr. Pearson's scheme was carried out with characteristic vigour. The young lady was found—a very prepossessing one, I believe—and also the swain. It was arranged that the marriage ceremony should take place in St. Paul's Cathedral. The £100 a-year was being duly arranged for in stocks. At the last moment, however, the swain or damsel—I forget which—shirked the responsibility, and that £100 a-year is still in the coffers of Messrs. Pearson. But it can be imagined what excitement was created. At a later date we were all bewildering ourselves with toy puzzles, and, still later, the missing-word competition literally took the town by storm. One may admire the ingenuity of all these schemes in proportion to one's own incapacity for devising anything half so novel. It surely comes very near genius, and, in any case, a fortune made in this way is a far more interesting spectacle to the general public than the slow drudgery of ordinary business. Mr. Pearson, although still a very young man, has now more or less retired from active affairs—a phenomenal proceeding according to the older theories of commerce. He is ably supported in all his enterprises by one of his partners, Mr. Peter Keary, concerning whom I have something to say in a notice of the latest Pearson enterprise, the *Royal Magazine*.

The point which suggests itself most strongly to me in connection with this new journalistic movement and its pioneers is the contradiction it involves of all old traditions of commercial success. Dr. Smiles, in "Self-Help" and other books, drew many a picture of the man who, by beginning with picking up a horseshoe, went on from year to year laboriously building up a fortune, retiring in old age, with a certain odour of sanctity—and, we may be sure, with the smallest possible capacity for the enjoyment of his hardly earned wealth. But the new school has other methods. Here is Sir George Newnes still comparatively a young man, while Mr. Pearson and Mr. Harmsworth will be counted as boys in the eyes of many among us. Not one of them has made his success by early rising, by excessive religiosity, by any of the old-fashioned methods. These are indeed new times and new manners. C. K. S.

THE "ROYAL MAGAZINE" AND MR. PETER KEARY.

Everyone knows the magnificent building in Henrietta Street occupied by C. Arthur Pearson, Limited. It is well understood that there are three prominent partners in Pearson, Limited. One of them is Mr. Arthur Pearson, to whom I have already made reference. Another is Sir William Ingram—the proprietor of a whole host of journals, including the *Illustrated London News* and the *Lady's Pictorial*—and the third is Mr. Peter Keary. The management of Messrs. Pearson is largely in the hands of Mr. Keary, and that makes it all the more remarkable that this young, bright, alert Irishman—for Mr. Keary is proud of hailing from the Emerald Isle—should have taken upon himself the responsibility of editing a new publication which he proposes

shall cap the record by selling more than a million of copies. It is not easy to catch Mr. Keary, for, like most busy men of the day, he finds plenty of time for amusement. He is an enthusiastic golfer, and the Wimbledon golf-grounds take some of his time. The hundred-and-one publications of Messrs. Pearson take the rest, and so there is nothing left for the miserable interviewer. A representative of *The Sketch* did, however, catch Mr. Keary for a few minutes a day or two ago, and here is the result—

"The *Royal Magazine*," said Mr. Keary, "will have a few entirely novel features. 'Snap-Shot Interviews' will aim at presenting a series of photographs of prominent subjects without any letterpress. Mr. G. R. Sims opens the series. 'People and their Parents' will supplement the portrait of a personage by portraits of the parents. General Gordon is among the first set. The *Royal* will have also a new cover every month. Our contributors are different too. Magazines usually employ only the most eminent writers. The *Royal* recognises this, and unknown clever writers will be given precedence. We wish to encourage ability, not to see it overshadowed by men who have already made big names. Besides, I think that the day of paying large sums to one man for the benefit of his name is over. In *Pearson's* we have paid several hundreds of pounds to distinguished writers for 'continued in our next' stories, but the name alone has made no difference to the magazine. There was no material increase in the circulation. Authors are not getting the fees they drew formerly. The supply is so much greater than the demand. Education has spread so much that, with everybody reading and everybody writing, I am afraid the cheapening process is not going to give authors a very rosy time. In the *Royal* there is no one man better known than another. They are almost all unknown, but I don't mean, by that, untried. I knew what they could do, and worked at them till they did it. The editor does not sit still now as he did, and glance at his letters. He is the electromotive force, as it were. He has to think of new ideas. A magazine can be built upon new ideas. It is not necessary to hustle round to find your public or your advertisements. Just hustle after ideas. Everything else will come booming. There is an immense magazine public; *Answers*, *Tit-Bits*, *Pearson's* each average five hundred thousand circulation weekly, but not one reader in fifty takes all three or any two. Each has its own public. Now look at the magazines, *Strand*, *Windsor*, *Quiver*, each with a hundred thousand, but, again, each with a different class of supporters. With the *Royal*—we start with orders from newsagents for one million copies—it will be just the same. It is so with the *Harmsworth*, and that is not strictly a threepenny magazine. The *Royal* is and will be threepence. The factors in cheap magazines now are the price of paper and advertising. The fraction of a penny cheaper in a pound of paper means an enormous sum in four hundred tons of paper, and, besides, paper is growing cheaper every year. But advertising costs money, and both Messrs. Harmsworth and ourselves are extensively



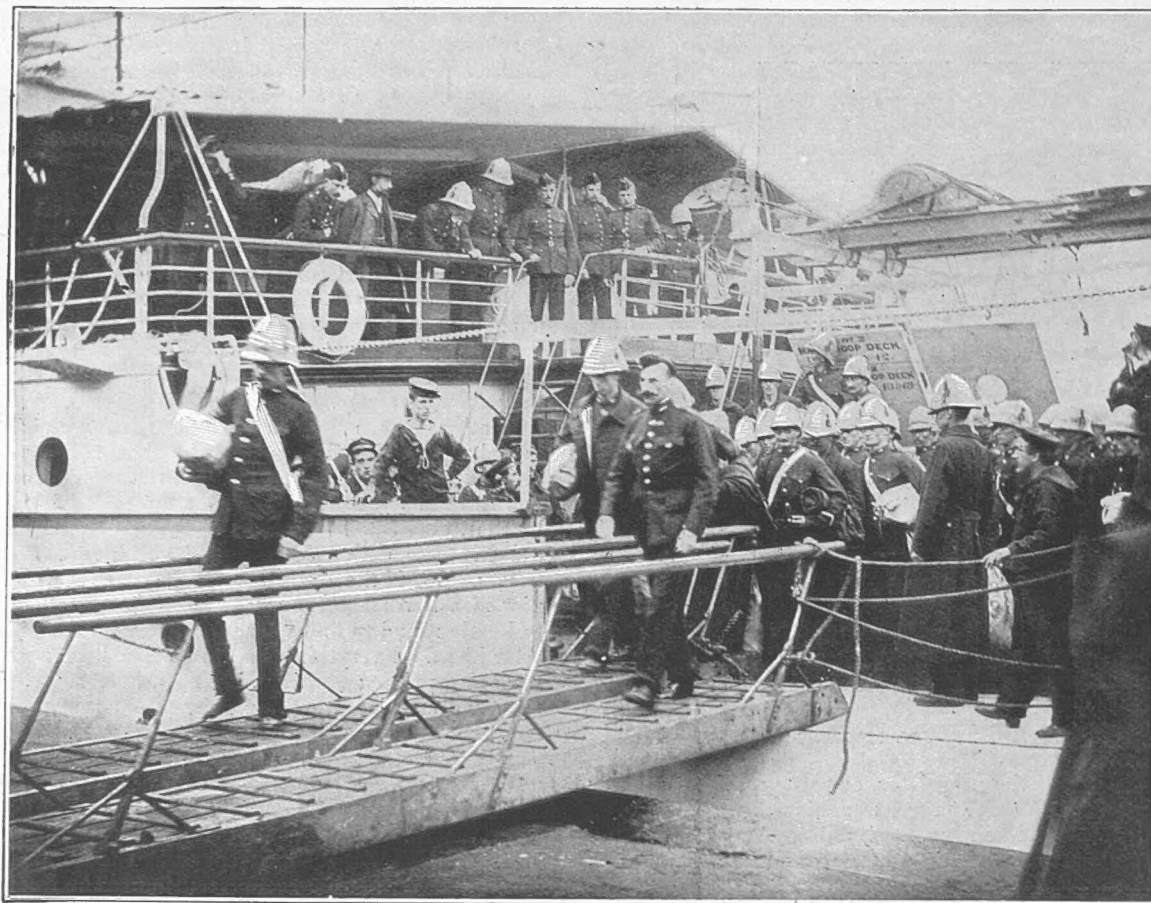
MR. PETER KEARY, THE EDITOR OF THE "ROYAL MAGAZINE."

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

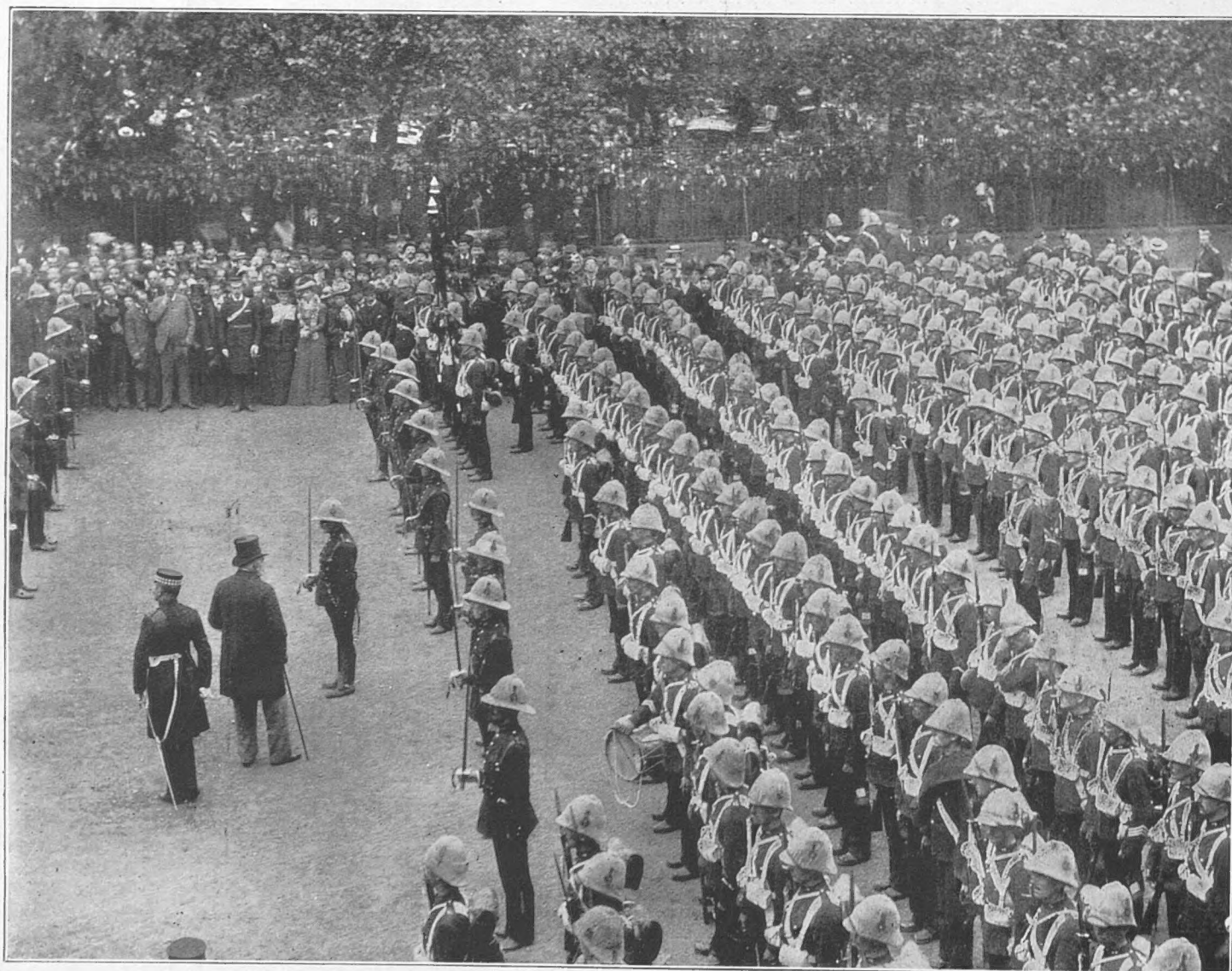
advertising our magazines. The *Royal* has already cost £25,000 to advertise as any paper with the circulation of a million copies should be advertised. Before the *Royal* appears every paper in Great Britain will have a large display advertisement, and, of course, we have no one to fight against, which is a godsend."

"JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME AGAIN."

From Photographs by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W



THE DISEMBARKATION OF THE GUARDS AT SOUTHAMPTON FROM THE "DILWARA."



THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE WELCOMES THE GRENADIERS AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS.

THE GREATEST JOCKEY OF THE DAY.

TOD SLOAN, THE AMERICAN, HAS COME, SEEN, AND CONQUERED.

Sloan's style of riding has been compared to that of the monkey on the stick, and this hits it off to a nicety. He sits a horse right on the withers, in a crouching position, and holds the reins about twenty inches off the animal's mouth. His contention is that the "scorching" style minimises the effects of any strong head-wind, and his weight has not half the bad effect it would have on the middle of the horse's back. Sloan has a piercing eye, strong arms, and a keen intelligence. In fact, he is far from being a fool at the game. He always rides to win, and before riding for strangers he will satisfy himself that the animal he is asked to steer possesses a good chance of winning. Of course, the wonderful success of our visitor has caused more or less jealousy among a certain section of the English jockeys, but he can rely upon our Turf Senators to see that he has fair play. Sloan is very quick out of the slips, and he allows his horses to "go as they please," but he will, if possible, wait in front, and he does not believe in long pulls and fine finishes. It will have been noticed that most of his wins have been easily gained, a little matter that always brings relief to backers, especially to the backers of favourites. It is more than ever apparent that Sloan's style is the successful one, and English jockeys must copy the American's gait if they would approach anything near his very fine average. Sloan is a well-educated man, and he has contributed some readable articles on racing matters to many of the New York papers. Socially, he is a star of the first magnitude; in fact, a busy Bohemian. He is a good patron of the drama, and sometimes goes to a music-hall. Sloan shoots fairly well. When pheasant-shooting with Lord William Beresford last year, the American's gun burst, but luckily he came to no harm. Sloan plays a great game of billiards and is fond of taking a hand at cards. He lives in style at the Hotel Cecil, and entertains lavishly on occasion. The American jockey has a weakness for spending his evenings in town, and when riding at any meeting within a hundred and fifty miles of the Metropolis he returns to the Hotel Cecil at night, and is off by the special to the race-meeting next morning. In the matter of dress, Sloan affects the very latest fashions, and his get-up is *de rigueur*. He is very fond of donning evening-dress, and some go so far as to say that he would ride his races thus attired if it were permissible. Sloan smokes cigars of the most expensive brands, and he patronises none but the best wine. He spends a lot of money, but he earns more than he spends. Sloan had ridden successfully in America for many years. He came to this country to ride St. Cloud II. in the Autumn Handicaps last year, and, although he was not successful

in these races, he won twenty out of fifty-three mounts. Sloan is riding this year for Lord William Beresford and Mr. Lorillard, but he has made no engagements for 1899.

Sloan did not drop suddenly into his present style of riding, as a thunderbolt drops from the sky. It is the result of careful study. Altogether, he tried half-a-dozen different methods, and finding that sitting up near the withers of a horse in a crouching position was the best, he adopted it, and stuck to it. He gave the English style a fair trial, as did his brother, but he rejected it. What is more, during his visit to this country in 1897 he neither saw nor heard aught that caused him to doubt that his own studied methods are the best. Sloan has not only spent much time perfecting his riding, he has also, when occasion demanded, studied the peculiarities of his mounts. He was once requested to ride a notorious thief of a horse, the owner believing that, if it was possible to get a race out of the beast, Sloan was the man to do it. Sloan agreed to take the mount, and for a couple of days before the race was due he spent two or three hours with the horse, not only on the training-track, but in its box, where he fed it with carrots out of his hand. On this treatment the erstwhile rogue took a new lease of life, so to speak, and Sloan had no difficulty in winning when the time arrived. Few jockeys would have taken such pains over a solitary mount, but the Yankee is not built like his brother riders. His calling is his all in all, and he leaves no stone unturned to reach the highest pinnacle of success. To Sloan English racecourses are much superior to those of his native land, on account of being wider and cleaner. The last consideration weighs heavily with him, for he is a bit of a dandy, but he is not, as the New York papers style him, a dude. He does not like the long railway journeys that have to be compassed by the man who goes racing here. In fact, so strong are his opinions on this question that he has dubbed the English arrangements for carrying railway passengers "inadequate and antiquated." He is dead against the starting-machine, holding that Mr. Coventry is better than all the machines in the world put together. This objection may be accounted for by the fact that he is so sharp at getting away. Sloan has had a deal to say on his methods of riding. Towards the finish of a race, he says, he gets further up the horse's neck than in the previous part of the contest, and uses all his persuasive powers. It is, perhaps, in persuasion that the secret of his success lies. The whip he is not a believer in, although he always carries one, and he says that not in all his career has he known a horse to swerve under him.



TOD SLOAN.

Photo by Taber, Dover Street, W.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Last week saw the opening of the London Medical Schools. And now the Englishman has a rival in the field in the shape of the heathen Chinese. For China is moving, slowly though it be. Here is a picture of the class of students at the Imperial Medical College of Tientsin, with their teacher, Surgeon-Major Henston, Army Medical Staff, who is employed by the Chinese Government. One of the speakers at the opening ceremonies in London last week complained of the poorness of medicine as a profession. If young China enters into competition, I fancy the British doctor will be still harder up.

Far be it from me to pipe the plaint that England is played out. And yet, year after year, it is apparent to all thinking people that in some one department of knowledge the German produces the work on the subject. For a long time we have been accustomed to this in science. In South Africa, for instance, after years of futile attempts to combat cattle-plague, the Government of Cape Colony had to place themselves in the hands of Koch, who speedily wrought magic in stamping out the disease. In India our own Government has done practically nothing in the way of sending out trained scientists for the study of bubonic plague. In Bombay the disease was very thoroughly studied by Commissions sent by the Russian, German, and Austrian Governments, while the English Commission, if it can be called so, did practically nothing beyond the whitewashing of the infected houses. We must acknowledge that one of the greatest benefactors that India has seen in recent times is a Russian. By his inoculations against cholera and plague M. Haffkine has undoubtedly saved the lives of thousands of our subjects, and even the recognition of his work has been tardy. And now it is left to a German, Dr. Franz Kronecker, to write a book on The Southern Alps of New Zealand (published in Berlin). The "learned doctor" (as they say in "The Cat and the Cherub") has done his work well. The mountains in the South of New Zealand are one of the most interesting regions on the globe for the tourist, anthropologist, botanist, and geologist. The New Zealand fjords and mountains are equal to any in Norway or Switzerland, while the account of the difficulties of ascent ought to act like a magnet on the enthusiastic Alpine climber. The illustrations in the book are excellent and numerous, and create only one regret—that New Zealand is so far away and inaccessible except to those who have time and money.

A correspondent, who has just returned from Christiania, sends me a graphic account of Ibsen. He writes—

Shortly after arriving in the town, I took a walk along Karl Johan Strasse, the one street of the town, hoping to see the great man. Nor was I disappointed, for at that moment he happened to be approaching me. He was dressed in broadcloth, and wore a silk hat and a white tie. He was walking very slowly, and is evidently not very sure on his legs; but his head, which there is no mistaking, is grand and leonine. He goes to the reading-room of the Grand Hotel from eleven to one and six to eight every day with clock-like regularity. There he reads the papers and has his whisky-and-water. I saluted him with a lift of the hat which might have been French in its sweep. He returned the bow gracefully as he crept slowly along the street. His bags appear to be several inches too long for him, and they get into creases towards his ankles (early Victorian fashion). His long broadcloth frock-coat fitted him like a glove, and he wore a well-brushed silk hat. In fact, he was perfectly dressed. He walks slowly, but seems to take in everything that passes him. He keeps his right hand (grasping his gloves) behind his back, and his left hand grasps his umbrella. As he passes, the people, natives and strangers alike, lift their hats to him. He lives in Arbin's Gade No. 1, 2nd Etage. This is a corner house

up beside the Royal Castle, occupying a good site. The house itself is new and very Continental in build. In the lobby there is a list of the names of the householders, among them "Dr. Henrik Ibsen."

Is poaching on the increase? I am rather inclined to believe that it is. Some of my friends have been complaining bitterly of the impudent attacks upon preserves that they rent for the season, and I am led to believe that the man who ventures to rent shooting in strange neighbourhoods is almost sure to come to the conclusion that the game is not worth the candle. If you are a stranger, the landlord seldom bothers himself about your interests when you have paid the rent. If the village poachers line the place with nets, he does not care, and in country places the local constabulary are seldom very bright or ready. Moreover, they are often on friendly terms with the poachers themselves. Again, in small villages where one man knows all about his neighbour's business, the keeper or bailiff who reports poaching is sure to have a bad time; he

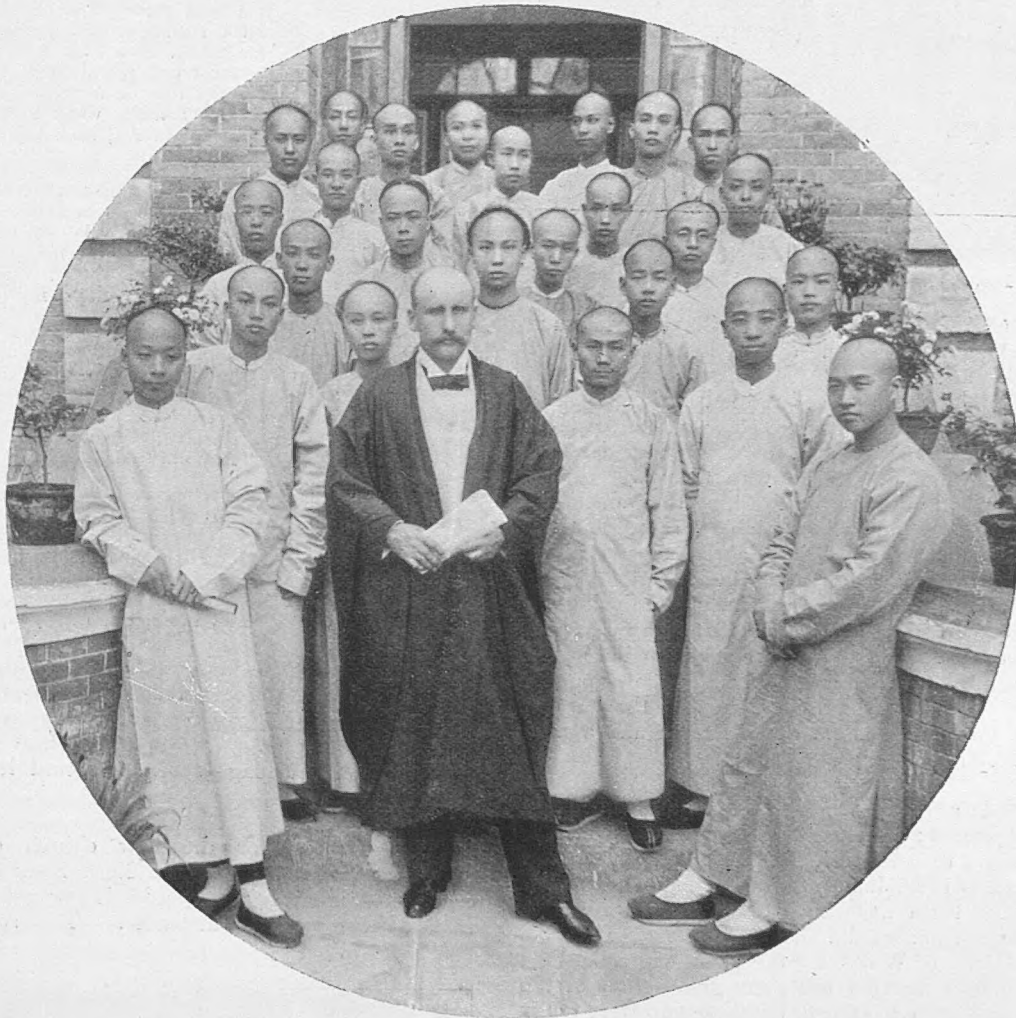
may be sure of being boycotted, perhaps he will be roughly handled too. A friend of mine recently caught a couple of fellows red-handed. They poached his land on a fine, moonlit night; he watched their movements for a couple of hours from a tree with a glass, and when they started home loaded, he took a short cut to the village on his bicycle. Much against his will, the local constable was forced to act; the two waited for the poachers, and as they came in, heavily laden with ill-gotten goods, they were captured literally red-handed.

That was a *fin-de-siècle* duel that was fought in Paris last week between M. Paulmier, Deputy, and M. Turot, the journalist that had accused him injuriously. The adversaries did not sneak off at daybreak to avoid attention, for that is old style, but here is the way they went to their duel. The procession was made up of forty carriages, twenty bicycles, and a steam tricycle carrying

photographic apparatus, not to forget the landaus carrying the duellists and their witnesses and the doctors. It was ten o'clock when they arrived at the ground chosen, which being judged unsuitable, the entire caravan put itself in motion to search for another. They made the tour of Passy, and, rejecting one or more places on the route, they arrived at eleven o'clock at the definitive place, also near being rejected at the last moment, as inconvenient for the photographers.

Finally, all the world debarks: the adversaries, the witnesses, the doctors, the well-known personalities about town, the certain number or amateurs of duelling, the members of the fencing-class to which M. Paulmier belongs, the members of the ditto to which M. Turot belongs; the Messrs. Willy de Blest Gama and Bowden, professional sword-champions; the professors of fencing, &c. It is the courtyard of a factory belonging to the Comte de Dion, who, being master of the ceremonies, is pleased to be hospitable. The audience installs itself commodiously in the open windows; the photographers get their angle; all is ready. *Allez, Messieurs!*

In spite of the preliminaries, there was no comic opera about the fighting. The combatants are past-masters with the sword. They fought six rounds with fury, and one of the men was gravely wounded. The audience had what they wanted; they palpitated with emotion; they saw mortal strokes pass very near. In short, everyone was satisfied; but as for the injurious charge made by M. Turot against M. Paulmier, nobody knows any more as to whether it is true than they did before.



CHINESE MEDICAL STUDENTS.

Cromwell legends are so ubiquitous in England that it is a real relief to lay one's hand upon a bit of solid fact relating either to the Protector or his family. Such a fact is this photograph of Northborough Manor House. Elizabeth, the second and favourite daughter of Cromwell, married John Claypole, of Northborough, and appears to have spent a considerable portion of her twelve years of wedded life in this substantial

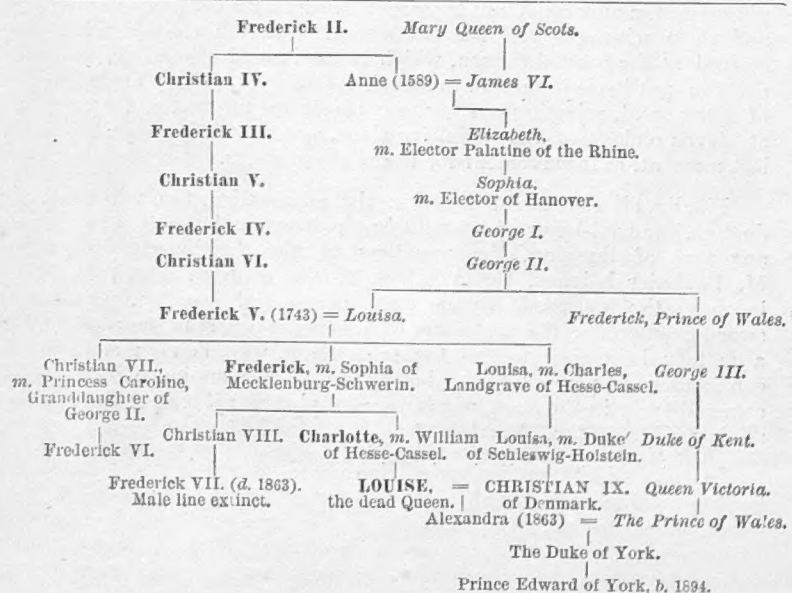


NORTHBOROUGH MANOR HOUSE.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

fourteenth-century house. Carlyle asserts Elizabeth Claypole to have been "a graceful, brave, and amiable woman," and of her home, that it is "now ruined, patched into a farmhouse." The second statement is not characterised by Sartor's usual accuracy, and the first probably needs some modification; for Elizabeth Claypole is credited with some turning of her head over her father's elevation, and, at a wedding feast, is reported to have exclaimed, when one asked why the wives of the Major-Generals were absent, "I'll warrant you, washing their dishes at home as they use to do." Not a particularly "amiable" sentence that. Cromwell seems to have had some insight of her little weaknesses: "Tell her," he wrote once, "to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which, I doubt, she is too subject to." It is agreed by most authorities that John Claypole himself was little enough of a Puritan, but let it stand to his credit that, after Oliver died, he provided a haven for his widow for the rest of her life in this manor-house. Northborough is on the borders of Northamptonshire, some seven miles from Peterborough and a mile and a-half from Market Deeping.

I find that very few people are aware how closely our Royal family and that of Denmark is connected; and, secondly, how it was that the present King of Denmark came to rule. From the accompanying table you will see that, so far back as 1589, James VI. of Scotland (the son of Mary Queen of Scots, whose third husband, Bothwell, by a freak of irony, died in a Danish dungeon) married a Danish Princess. In 1863, his direct descendant, the Prince of Wales, did the same, while, between these dates, an English Princess married the great-grandfather of the present King of Denmark and his late Queen, for these two were really far-removed cousins. The table proves in a forcible way how closely knit, from generation to generation, is the Royal caste of Europe—



THIS SHOWS HOW THE ROYAL FAMILIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND DENMARK HAVE BEEN INTERLINKED FOR 300 YEARS.

There are some noteworthy features in the following genealogical record. Like the two five-generation families particulars of which have been given in *The Sketch*, the head of the family-tree belongs to the north-eastern district of Scotland, and, like the case mentioned in *The Sketch* last week, has become a great-great-grandmother at eighty-nine. Mrs. Kinnaird, the old lady, was born at Keith, and resides at Slackhead, Enzie. Her daughter, Mrs. Grant, also born at Keith, and who resides with her, is sixty-six. Thomas Grant, her grandson, born at Slackhead, is forty-five, and resides in Glasgow. His daughter, Mrs. Peacock, born at Lhanbryde, is twenty-four, and her infant daughter, who completes this interesting instance of five generations living, is aged one month.

M. de Rougemont needs no introduction. So to the fray—

"I hear thee speak of a wondrous land;
Thou callest its children a savage band.
Louis! oh, where is that desperate shore—
Can we not find it and doubt no more?
Say, did you find it described in books?
May we not reach it by means of Cook's?"
"Ah, non! Ah, non! my child!"

"Is it a land surveyed by guess,
Like the realms created by R.L.S.?
Is it a myth, thou French Crusoe?—
(Or must I call you a Swiss Defoe?).
May I not ride on a turtle's back,
Instead of a lanky waler hack?"
"Ah, non! Ah, non! my child."

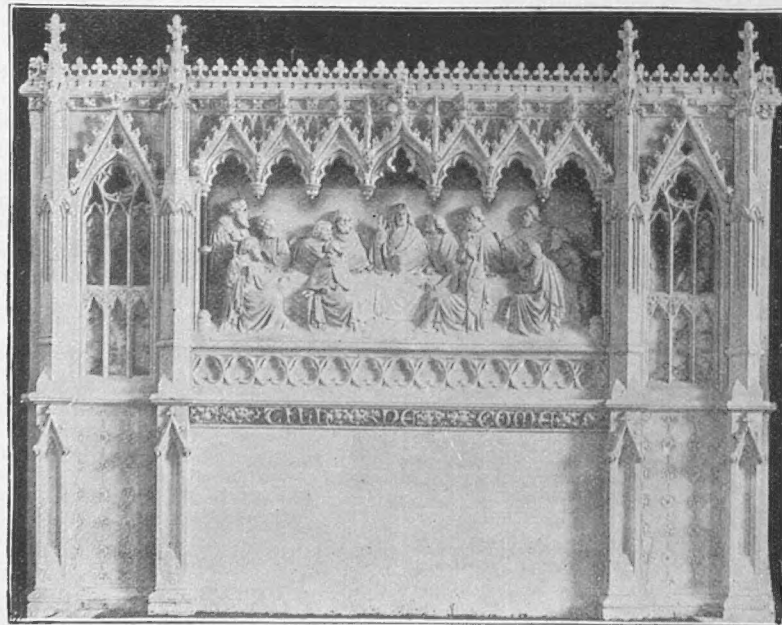
"My turtle, alas! is a penny 'bus:
But I dream o' nights of your octopús.
Poor Robinson C. had a boy, but you
Had a dear little wife (she died of "flu").
Did you wed with the help of a rural dean?
Oh say, is it I, is it you, that's Green?"
"Perhaps, perhaps, my child."

"May we not see you produce the jig
Yoa danced in your clayey anointed rig;
Clapping your hands in the face of your foes,
Dancing for savages minus your clo'es?
Can I believe all the things you say,
Or shall I call you de Ruse-mont, pray?"
"Ah, non! Ah, non! my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, save mine; it's plain
You cannot go there, for there isn't a train.
Pearls I saw, and of gold-dust much—
But I used them to deck my darkey Dutch:
Your questions may puzzle: I never despond—
I only repeat, It's the Back-o'-Beyond,
Yes, there, out there, my child!"

Apropos the note in *The Sketch* the other week on the famous old clock in Hampton Court Palace, a correspondent points out that the pendulum of the clock of the famous Tron Kirk in Edinburgh is twenty-four feet long, and that St. Stephen's Church pendulum in the same city is sixty-four feet long—surely a record length for an ordinary-sized church clock.

This reredos, for the new church of St. Barnabas, Clapham Common, was opened by the Lord Bishop of Rochester on the first day of the month. The reredos is a very fine one, being of Caen stone inlaid with polished alabaster. The sculptured group represents



A REREDOS FOR ST. BARNABAS CHURCH, CLAPHAM COMMON.

"The Last Supper," with richly carved canopies, and is of the early decorated style. The work was executed by Mr. Thomas Rudge, sculptor, of Clapham Common, from designs which were supplied by Messrs. W. and C. A. Bassett Smith.

I have received a letter from an ex-Captain of Volunteers, with reference to my recent notes on the 21st Lancers. He writes: "It has been particularly flattering to me, as I was the original, indirect cause of their existence as lancers. I wrote a letter to the *Army and Navy Gazette* in the summer of 1884 upon 'Cavalry Equipment,' one point of which was the efficacy of the lance in breaking up infantry, and the desirability of using that weapon more extensively in our cavalry. I suggested alternate men, as a matter of fact." Whether the ex-Captain was the cause of the change in cavalry equipment or not, it is certain that this change has been carried out almost exactly on the lines he advocated. Another alteration suggested by him has also been made, namely, in the method of carrying the cavalry sword by strapping it to the saddle instead of hanging it from the rider's waist. These changes were adopted "at a time when it was said that (in Europe) cavalry would never charge infantry again, and therefore the infantry bayonet was shortened." My correspondent's conclusion is much to the point: "I wrote as only a Volunteer infantry officer, so, of course, no mention was made of my name, nor was I ever thanked for my ideas, though they were appropriated. Is it not a pity that even Volunteers should not be encouraged, at least by 'mention'?" Perhaps, if even such moderate encouragement were given to Volunteer officers, there would not be so many complaints as to regiments being unable to obtain their proper complement, and certainly the words "of course" convey a world of meaning.

I have more than once referred to the popularity of the bagpipes and the Highland dress among the native troops in India and Egypt; but it will be news to some of my readers to learn that the 2nd Bombay (Prince of Wales's Own) Grenadiers, a native regiment, not only possess pipers, but these are clad in the Highland dress. At the funeral of Major-General Duncan at Poona recently, among the several military bands were the pipers and drummers of the Bombay Grenadiers, who played "a dirge which sounded weirdly strange." The uniform in this case strikes one as deserving a like description. "Scratch a Bombay Grenadier and you find a Scotchman," may be another reading of an old saying.

The early weeks in October are always marked by the formal opening of the medical schools. The great event this year was the lecture by Professor Virchow to the Charing Cross Hospital men. The opening day of the London School of Medicine for Women

showed that the students have by no means laid aside in their pursuit of knowledge their feminine tastes. The rooms of the Royal Free Hospital, where the gathering took place, were gaily decked with flowers, and the proceedings opened with songs and music. The introductory address was delivered by Dr. Walter Carr, who, by a happy inspiration, had chosen for his subject "The Influence of Fashion on Medicine." The goddess whose capricious character is so strikingly displayed in the world of dress seems to have very considerable influence in the world of medicine too, and Dr. Carr brought forward many amusing illustrations of the heroic methods adopted with patients under the influence of the fashion for bleeding, or the fashion for calomel, or the fashion for alcohol. He appropriately concluded his remarks by a consideration of the question whether medical women were a fashion or not, but, on the whole, seemed inclined to think they had come to stay, if only they minded their ways and took care not to shock the world by any serious blunders or eccentricities.

In the secret places of the Wistar Museum at Philadelphia has lately been deposited the brain of the recently deceased founder of the American Anthropometric Society, Dr. William Pepper. It was in 1891 that Dr. Pepper, then residing in Philadelphia, called the first meeting of a body of men of science, who resolved to devote their brains—after death—to the interests of human knowledge. Out of the three hundred convention-defying American citizens who have made such legacies to posterity some seventy have already paid the debt of nature, and to their cherished brains has now been added that of Dr. Pepper. The late Dr. Edward D. Cope, the distinguished palæontologist, bequeathed his brain to the Society, and strenuous but unavailing attempts were made to obtain that of Walt Whitman. The Hunterian Museum here in London affords a parallel to this Wistar Museum in the city of brotherly love.

A clergyman sends me this joke, which he says is true—

SCENE.—In cottage. Doctor attending a Club Patient. (PATIENT to be drawn very stout, hale, and hearty.)

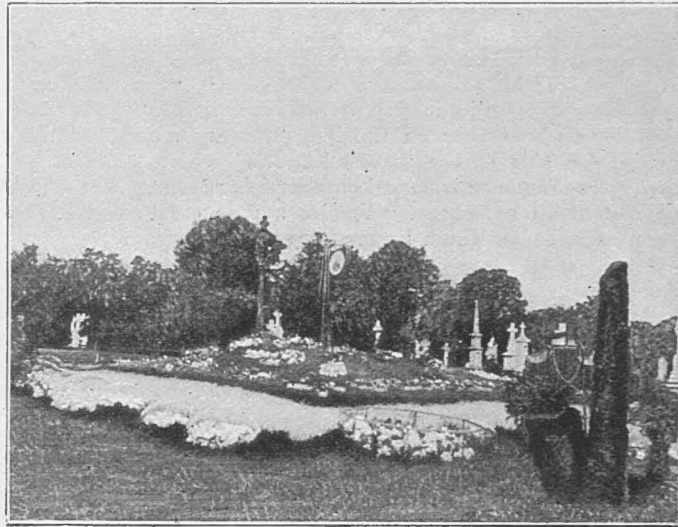
DOCTOR. Well, my good man, what's the matter with you?

PATIENT (on his Club). Well, Doctor, it's like this. To look at me, yer wouldn't think there was much the matter. I eats well, I drinks well, and I sleeps well; but if I see the sight of a bit of a job I'm all of a tremble.

The article on the strange uses to which war-material has been put has brought me another letter, for Mr. Hill, a fishmonger in

Camden Town, uses in his shop three knives made out of old swords. He tells me that they make the best of implements for chopping large fish and are much in use in Grimsby. The handles are made of trace-harness bolted together with copper rivets. These knives, which are made at Woolwich, I believe, will last two years each.

On Sunday the annual procession to Parnell's grave took place in Dublin. It is seven years since he died.



PARNELL IS BURIED HERE.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

The present fashion in Japan is to go about dressed in nothing but a sheet of paper. This sounds rather airy at first, but the paper is at the same time very stout, warm, and silky. And it has the great advantage of being absurdly cheap. A man may have a new suit of clothes for two yens—or about eight shillings—and a lady never spends more than five or six yens on the most elaborate dress. This paper clothing is an innovation, but the use of paper instead of shirts and pocket-handkerchiefs has long been prevalent. A kind of cardboard, of the strength and appearance of Russian leather, is also manufactured, and it is used as material for all sorts of articles, not only boots and hats, but even trunks, harness, and the walls of rooms.

The family of Mr. James Henderson, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, have been very much in evidence during the past few days. Last Saturday the five boys, dressed as lifeboatsmen, appeared in the lifeboat procession seated in one of the lifeboats of the new White Star liner, the *Oceanic*, which is to be launched by Messrs Harland and Wolff on January 14, 1899, and she will then be the largest vessel afloat. On Tuesday the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of Belfast entertain the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and the Countess Cadogan upon the important occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the new City Hall, also the opening of the Corporation new electric station. Mr. Henderson is the managing proprietor of the *Belfast News Letter*, which is the oldest newspaper in Ireland, and he is the last Lord Mayor under the old régime, because the new Local Government Act (1898), which came into force



LADY MAYORESS OF BELFAST AND HER FIVE SONS.

Photo by Abernethy, Belfast.

this year, changes the former mode of election, and makes many other alterations of a very drastic character. The Lord Mayor of Belfast for this year is the first gentleman who has succeeded his father in the position of Chief Magistrate of the city. The late James Alexander Henderson was Mayor of Belfast during 1873 and 1874.

Mrs. Procter, the wife of Barry Cornwall, was a witty woman, and she had a way of nicknaming, not always very kindly, her various acquaintances and friends. The first time I met Henry Reeve (writes a correspondent) was in Mrs. Procter's drawing-room, and when he left the room, after some very dogmatic assertion, she turned to me and said, *setto voce*, "We call him 'The White Swelling.'" If the phrase took its only appropriateness from Henry Reeve's large body and a head that looked a little exaggerated in drawing, it might be allowed to drop out of memory. But I confess it recurs to me in view of certain passages in Mr. Laughton's interesting Memoirs of the former Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* and of "Greville." When Henry Reeve ascribes the growth of the *Times* in its circulation and influence largely to the dull foreign articles and the lighter chit-chat he contributed to it, he surprises us; and his admiration for Thackeray's "pure and accurate" draughtsmanship is an indication of the kind of art criticism which was inflicted for a whole year on the long-suffering readers of the *Times*. This view of a side of the "great Editor's" character must be borne in mind before sentence is passed on Carlyle's rudeness in saying to him, at the end of an argument, "You're a puir creature, you're a puir creature," a rudeness which Henry Reeve never forgave.

This photograph is a quaint reminiscence of the old coaching days. The legend runs that W. Salter was taken seriously ill at Haddiscoe while driving his coach from Yarmouth to London, and desired that he might be buried as near as possible to the road over which he had driven for so many years. Haddiscoe lies nine miles from Yarmouth, just on the border-line of Norfolk and Suffolk, and in former days, no doubt, its two hostleries, the Three Tuns and Crown, were busy when the coach arrived. Now Haddiscoe has lost its coaching customers, and, although there is a station of that name on the loop-line from Lowestoft to



HADDISCOE CHURCH, NORFOLK.

Norwich, it is more than a mile from the village itself. The church stands prominently on the brow of a hill, the coachman's tombstone being inserted in the southern wall of the churchyard, overlooking the turnpike along which honest Will Salter drove his coach. The bank, sloping abruptly from the wall, makes it a little awkward to obtain a photograph, and accounts for the lopsidedness of the picture. I give the epitaph as it stands—

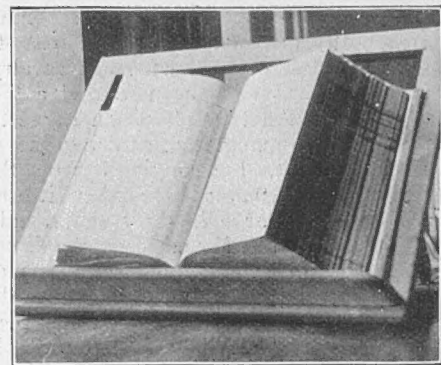
WILLIAM SALTER,
Yarmouth Stage Coach Man,
Died October the 9th, 1776.
Aged 59 Years.

Here lies Will Salter, honest man,
Deny it Envy if you can;
True to his Business and his trust,
Always punctual, always just.
His horses could they speak would tell
They lov'd their good old master well.
His up hill work is chiefly done,
His Stage is ended, Race is run.
One journey is remaining still,
To climb up Sion's holy hill.
And now his faults are all forgiv'n,
Elija-like drive up to heaven,
Take the Reward of all his Pains,
And leave to other hands the Reins.

Mr. Thomas Hardy, in his forthcoming volume of poems, is really returning to his first love. He set out to be a poet when he was sick of being an architect, and for two years wrote only verses. These he afterwards destroyed, with the exception of a Wessex ballad, written in 1867, and published, with some polite alterations, nearly ten years later in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It told, more or less in dialect and with the other than drawing-room directness of phrase which dialect allows, the story of a rustic maiden who had her true love—

But who bode with a crabbed old nuncle, and he
Swore by noon and by night that her husband should be
Naibour Sweetley (a man often weak at the knee
From taking a summat more cheerful than tea).
Who tranted and moved people's things.

The maid is morally coerced to the altar; but, on the wedding-night, while the husband has gone for one glass more to the inn, his cottage catches fire, and his unwilling wife, flying to the brushwood, finds her true love there, and takes refuge in his barn. The next news is that the lady's wedded lord is missing, and that his bones have been found amid the ashes of his homestead. There is no particular grieving in the barn about that, and for a second time, in an incredibly short space, the lady is led to the altar—
So he took her to church, and
some laughing lads there
Cried to him, "After Sweat-
ley!" She said, "I
declare
I stand as a maiden to-day."



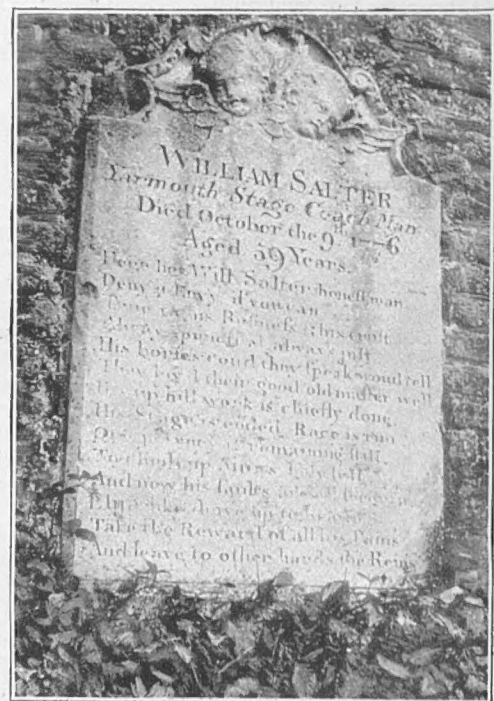
THE BIGGEST BOOK IN THE WORLD.

In that world of books, the British Museum Library, there are hundreds, nay, thousands, of volumes and manuscripts which lay claim to possessing rare interest both to the antiquarian and general reader; but I doubt if many readers or students would ever find it necessary in the course of their investigations to consult the largest book in the world, for it is written in strange characters withal, and most sedulously guarded under lock and key in the strongest of cases in the world-famed King's Library section of the Museum. Through the kindness of Mr. Basil Soulsby, Superintendent of the Copyright Office, permission was obtained to photograph this work, and the picture is here reproduced the first time for publication. The book seen in the photograph does not appear so very large, and I have no doubt many a reader will be prepared to lay claim to having seen books of larger dimensions. But, it must be stated, the book here shown is only one of eleven hundred and fifty volumes, the whole constituting a Chinese Dictionary, which was compiled by Imperial Commission at Peking and is dated 1726. No one writer contributed the whole of the words and definitions in this book, but it was the work of many authors for a number of years. The book was purchased by the British Museum Library in 1878, and is a most valuable acquisition to the long list of priceless books in the possession of the British Museum Trustees.

A singular fact concerning this book is that the first word is upon the last page, and thus the unhappy mortal who desires to ascertain how to spell a word has to begin at the end, as it were. The work affords a demonstration of the Biblical text, "The first shall be last, and the last first." Someone in the Library told me that the proper position for reading this book is standing on one's head, this bringing the pages in order; but perhaps I have been misinformed in this particular.

Counting the words in the eleven hundred and fifty volumes might prove a most excellent practice for refreshing the arithmetical faculty; and the memorising of a few pages would add greatly to the retentive portion of one's brain. Perhaps the euphony of the words "Kwan" and "Tseih Ch'ing" may not strike one at first, but, after a certain amount of practice, these words sound almost as melodious as do the words "Koo Kin T'oo."

An original form of advertisement comes to us from Russia, where a shopkeeper posted up the following announcement: "The reason why I have hitherto been able to sell my goods so much cheaper than anybody else is that I am a bachelor, and do not need to make a profit for the maintenance of a wife and children. It is now my duty to inform the public that this advantage will shortly be withdrawn from them, as I am about to be married. They will, therefore, do well to make their purchases at once at the old rate. The result was that there was such a run on the shop that in the course of a few days this shopkeeper had made enough money to pay the expenses of his wedding on a very lavish scale."



A FAMOUS COACHMAN'S TOMBSTONE.

Ap[ro]pos the fine which was inflicted by a North London Magistrate, under the Wild Birds' Protection Act, for the shooting of a cuckoo on Hackney Marshes, it may not be generally known that at the White House Inn, which occupies a somewhat isolated position in the centre of this open space, is a most interesting museum, containing many specimens of rare birds which have been captured from time to time in the vicinity of the River Lea. The most valuable of these is the cream-coloured Courser (*Cursorius Gallicus*), a native of the deserts of the Mediterranean sub-region which has been discovered as far south as Kordofan in Africa, a place which has recently been brought prominently before the public. Not more than twenty specimens have been recorded in England, and only one in Scotland. This bird utters a peculiar note, which has a sound like "rerer." In the piscatorial collection at the White House is to be seen a monster fresh-water eel, weighing over 22 lb., which was captured in 1766.

At Kroonstad, in the Orange Free State, it is the custom to send a native handbell-ringer round the village to announce what entertainments are on at the Town Hall. The Kaffir boys, however, are not particularly proficient in English, and in the present instance (see accompanying snapshot) the native's remarks were confined to the monosyllable "Good." A short while ago he met the entertainer Miss Nellie Ganthony, whom he did not recognise from her portraits in his hand and on his back, and endeavoured wildly to induce her to attend her own show. He was asked, "Does she sing? Does she dance? Does she play? Is she married? Are you a bally idiot?"—and so on; to which his invariable reply, with a crescendo and knowing grin, was "Goo—ood."

At last he trotted away, ringing his bell vigorously, with the air of having fully executed his duty.

The deputation from the kings and chiefs of the Western Province of the Gold Coast appear to have demanded from the Colonial Secretary what is well within his jurisdiction to grant. The few simple concessions which these native kings seek from the Government should not be lightly rejected. In their way, the deputation represents what are among the most loyal of the many peoples who have sought safety in a British Protectorate throughout the Empire. The Gold Coast Protectorate is not *in toto* a British possession, whereas the Gold Coast Colony is, and, moreover,

SCENE AT KROONSTAD, ORANGE FREE STATE.
Photo by A. A. Sykes.

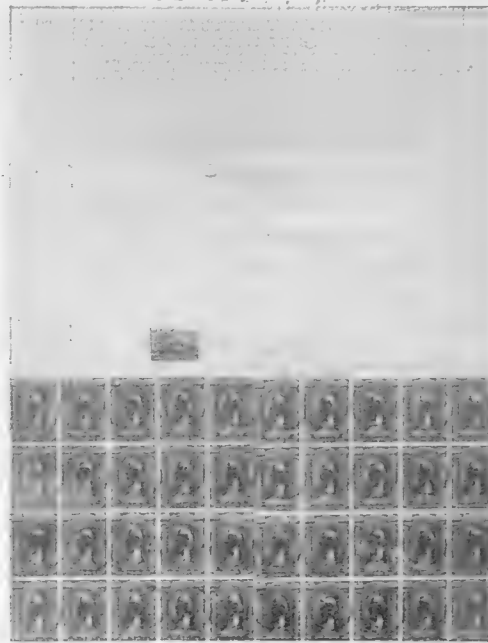
there is a very distinct difference between the two. The Governor of the Gold Coast exceeded his authority when he countenanced the Lands Ordinance of 1897, and subsequently refused to allow a matter which essentially affected the chiefs of the Gold Coast Hinterland to be discussed before the Legislative Council at Accra. If he ordained the one, he could equally ordain the other, and both were samples of that Colonial officialism which irritates when it is so necessary to conciliate. The deputation from the Gold Coast has also petitioned for an alteration in the representation of the Legislative Council, and this has been referred back to the Legislative Council at Accra.

I think that people bent on wintering abroad would do well to carefully consider the prospects of Spain as a health-resort. From letters I have lately received, it appears that the ill-will to England, so noticeable during the war, has died down, and in the big towns a return of the English patrons would be welcomed. Of late years many splendid hotels have been built to cater for English-speaking visitors, and in the present state of the country much is needed to help the people back to prosperity. On this account it is most unlikely that English visitors would in any way suffer from national ill-feeling. A friend, writing from San Sebastian, tells me he has not seen a trace of it. Malaga is a town that would, if better known, seriously rival the most popular resorts on the French and Italian Rivièras. The climate is delightful; there is excellent hotel accommodation, and, though prices are rather high, the rate of exchange is very much in favour of the visitor, who gets a comparative bonus of six or seven shillings on every sovereign. From Malaga you can get to all parts of Southern Spain. Gibraltar is only a few hours by boat; Seville and Granada are reached by the train, and, if you care to go over to Tangiers, the journey is short and not unpleasant, provided always that the stormy winds do not blow. I believe Malaga is destined to become the San Sebastian of Southern Spain so soon as all its qualities are fully known and properly appreciated.

The season in Scotland has suffered badly from the Spanish and American War. Nearly every hotel-manager laments the absence of our American cousins. "We have not had a bad year," said a manager to me in

Scotch; "but look at the visitors' book." I did so, and thought it well stocked. "You'll find very little from New York or Boston or Chicago," remarked the manager, and went on to show me the records of recent years, in which our cousins across the "drink" figured not in scores, but in battalions. Several men who drove coaches through the lovely hill-country told me the same story. There were few Americans, and consequently tips had fallen off. We are apt to resent the globe-trotting man from the States, probably in part because his presence does not benefit us in the least; but to the hotel-keeper or the people in charge of places of interest his absence spells a big diminution in receipts. "I am glad to read that England and America have become allies, sir," said a coachman as we drove through the moorlands, "for now there will be no more wars and the Americans will come over regularly." Then for the first time I saw the full beauty of an Anglo-American *entente*.

The biggest American war-tax paid on account of a mortgage deed since the Spanish-American War began is believed to be that paid by the Spring Valley Waterworks, the corporation supplying the city of San Francisco with water, on account of a mortgage deed executed by it of all its property in favour of the Union Trust Company, as security for a loan of four millions of dollars borrowed for the purpose of enlarging the water plant. The mortgage deed carries a little over two thousand dollars' worth of revenue stamps, as shown in the photographic simile herewith reproduced.



A MORTGAGE DEED BEARING 2600 DOLLARS' WORTH OF STAMPS.

Philatelists who spend large sums in the purchase of rare stamps will read with horror of the quasi-sacrilegious course pursued by a Baltimore young lady, Miss Antoinette Warlitz, who has lately won a first prize at a masked ball with a dress made out of thirty thousand used postage and revenue stamps. Miss Warlitz took any stamps, rare or common, of large or little face value, for the purpose of putting together (the phrase is literally accurate) her extraordinary gown, which took five weeks to make, on its muslin foundation, three weeks only being occupied in the collection of the stamps. The dress itself and the accompanying straw hat and mask were white, thickly pasted over with stamps; but

the "confection" was so stiff at first that it needed "the gentle rain from heaven" to soften it.

A correspondent writes—

SIR,—In page 375 of your issue of to-day is a paragraph relating to tinder-boxes. In Brittany, at the present time, they are in common use. You can buy the sulphur matches dipped at both ends at most shops there. The monopoly of making matches held by the French Government causes matches to be of a high price, ten centimes for a box of matches such as we get here at twelve boxes for a penny. You have to go abroad to know the benefit of living in England.



THIS OLD LADY IS A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.
Photo by Midgley Asquith, Harrogate.

Who says London is unhealthy? Here is Mrs. Wood, of Walpole Street, Chelsea, who was born in Stamford Street, London, on Oct. 4, 1798. In 1820 she married Mr. Wood, of Totteridge. To-day she is in full possession of all her faculties, except that she cannot walk. She spends her time knitting and sewing, and even can thread her needle.

If ever you want a little bit of life's humour I strongly advise you to pause at a police-station door and scan the notices there. Here is a sample.

Humour lurks in the most unlikely places, and has on occasion been found even amid the solemnity of the Custom House. A traveller who

POLICE NOTICE. ASS FOUND.

FOUND STRAYING on the 3rd inst., at Galpin Road, Thornton Heath, and now in possession of the Police, a mouse coloured he ass, hog mane, short tail.

IF NOT OWNED

Within three days from the date of this Notice it will be sold at a Public Market in accordance with the provisions of the Act, 17 and 18, Vict., cap. 80.

Inquiry to be made of Superintendent Lucas, W Division of Police Station, Metropolitan Police, New Scotland Yard, 7th September, 1898.

I once had an amusing experience with the Roumanian Custom House, which had seized upon a very heavy book I was engaged in reviewing. After weighing it very carefully with a pair of scales, they demanded six francs duty. I protested that this was monstrous, particularly as the book was not even new. They replied that it did not matter whether it was new or not; the question was whether it was bound or not. "Then," said I, "if it were not bound I should have to pay nothing?" "Yes," they replied, thinking this would finally settle the matter; "in that case it would have come in duty free." "All right," I said, as I proceeded to tear off the cover; "now, I presume, you will allow it to pass?" And they had to do so, though they were very cross about it.

I hear that "The Dovecot," which Mr. James Welch has taken on tour, has proved a great success in the country. One of the members of the company is Mr. Leopold Profeit, son of the Queen's late Commissioner at Balmoral and godson of the Queen. His brother, who is now in our Diplomatic Service, was a keen amateur actor in the days of his youth. Miss Henrietta Watson is also in the company. I really cannot understand why this very clever actress is not seen more in town. Her performance as the sporting Lady Wilhelmina Carlingham at Toole's struck me as extraordinarily clever, and yet, though she has done such good work—crisp, vigorous, virile, if I may use such a term of a woman—she is sent into the country. Where are our managers?

An excellent poster has been designed by Mr. Henry Holiday for the *Quiver*. Messrs. Cassell organised a competition, and this poster carried off the first prize of £75.

In connection with the postponed visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire, it is interesting to recall the circumstance that Drumlanrig once belonged to the Douglasses, one of whom is supposed to have been a suitor for the hand of

"bonnie Annie Laurie." To William Douglas is, indeed, attributed the original version of the song which dwells upon the charms of the Maxwelltown beauty. The lady, unfortunately, refused him, but he did not break his heart over the business, for he afterwards made a runaway match with a Galloway maiden. Douglas was one of the "braw feelters" of his time. It is recorded of him that he challenged a noted professional, whom he wounded and disarmed, less, as the other maintained, by skill in fence than by his "fierce and squinting eyes"! There is a tradition in the family that when the Duke of Douglas found it necessary to get out of the way after stabbing his cousin in a quarrel, the rejected of Annie Laurie conveyed him to the Continent under the guise of a servant. Drumlanrig now belongs to the Duke of Buccleuch, and it is worth noting that the modern version of "Annie Laurie" was written by Lady John Scott, who married the second son of the fourth Duke of Buccleuch. Lady John is still living—she is eighty-eight—at the family mansion-house at Spottiswoode, where her love for the old Scottish dialect may be gathered from the order on the lodge-gates to "steck the yett."

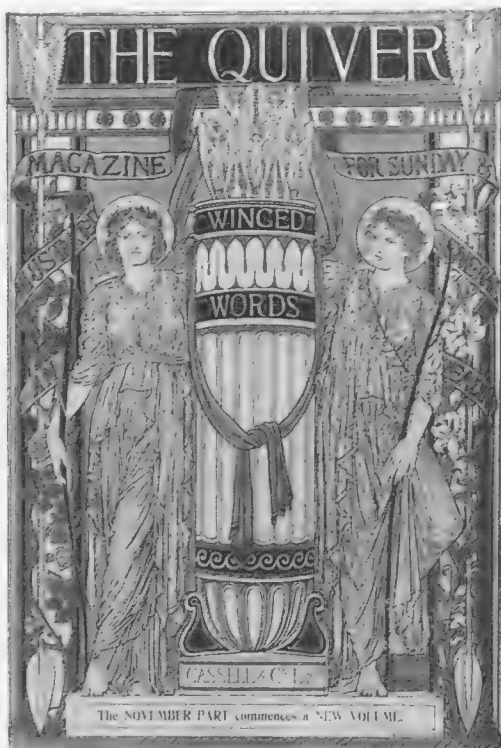
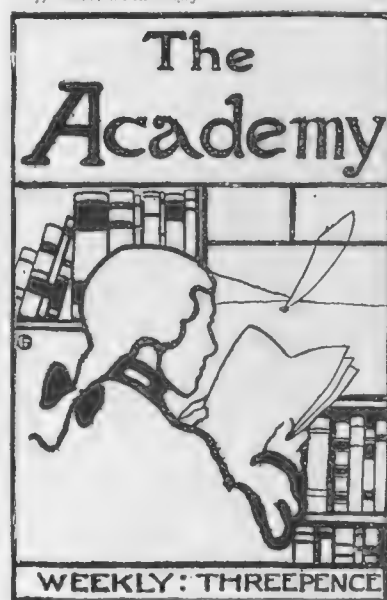
I am glad to congratulate Mr. Lewis Hind, editor of the *Academy*, on the first number of his new issue of that journal. The *Academy* for Oct. 8 comes to me in a very artistic wrapper, and it comes, moreover, completely reorganised as regards its size and appearance. Mechanically considered, it is certainly a delightful journal to handle, and there are many excellently reproduced illustrations. The new *Academy* appeals to a popular rather than to a purely literary audience. I see that in this very issue it declares itself in favour of books being produced with cut edges, whereas every literary man knows many reasons why books should not be cut, and a publisher knows others. But this is, of course, trivial, except as showing that the *Academy* intends to appeal to the man in the street—and that way circulation lies.

Among its newer features there is an ingenious literary competition, in which the first lines of several well-known novels are selected, and a prize of Mr. Kipling's new book is offered to everyone who may give the correct answers. The *Sketch* is almost tempted to put in for a copy when it finds the examination-paper so easy. Who does not know that the line, "The schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry," is the opening to Mr. Thomas Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," for example? The *Academy*, further, greatly daring, has established a bureau to decide on authors' manuscripts. All manuscripts sent in are to receive expert criticism, and the *Academy* bureau will undertake that the manuscripts of which they approve shall be published by a high-class firm. I wonder which is the high-class firm whose fortune the *Academy* is going to make? That scheme cannot be taken seriously. The difficulty now is not for good books to find a publisher, but to prevent the present multitude of publishers from issuing too much rubbish. It is, however, excellent fooling, and, I hope, will combine with its other attractions to make the new *Academy* even more successful than the old.

There are many claimants to the honour of having been the first to invent the telephone, and the fact is that few people really know who was the inventor. It is generally attributed to Edison, but it seems that that sorcerer had nothing whatever to do with it. At any rate, it seems that it is anything but a modern idea. Travellers in the district of the Amazon tell us that the Catuquinaru Indians, since time immemorial, have been accustomed to correspond from one camp to another by means of a little device that recalls to one the small toy parchment telephones we used to play with in the days of our childhood. They bury a hollow wooden cylinder in the earth, filling it half-full of sand, fragments of bones, and pulverised mica. The upper part remains empty, and is closed by a piece of leather, wood, or indiarubber. This instrument is called a "cambarysu."

In the next camp, perhaps sixteen hundred yards away, is another similar instrument. When one camp wishes to correspond with the other, they strike violently with a mallet on the cambarysu, and the sound is transmitted by the earth to the cambarysu of the other camp. As soon as the inhabitants hear the signal they answer by a similar one, and then two individuals, putting their ears near the apparatus, can converse as easily as we can at a London telephone. They can hear just as distinctly, I am told, and certainly have one advantage over us in that they are not continually being hustled away to make room for someone else. A traveller who has investigated this primitive telephone says that he is inclined to think that the nature of the soil has something to do with the wonderful transmission of sound.

Supplement to The Academy.



"THE QUIVER" POSTER.
Designed by Mr. Henry Holiday.

The first marriage ceremony held in Hamilton Palace for a hundred years was that when Lady Flora Mary Ida Douglas Hamilton, youngest sister of the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, married Major Robert Montagu Poore, of the 7th Hussars, the other day. The wedding was solemnised in the Picture Gallery of the Palace, and was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton and Rev. Dr. W. Thompson. Lady Flora Poore has been



LADY FLORA POORE.
Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.

exceedingly popular among the local residents, where her bright, girlish beauty and spontaneity did much to enliven the monotony of life in the more humble cottages. A picturesque incident of the wedding ceremony was the costumes of the bridesmaids, which were modelled upon the riding-dress of Flora Macdonald. The ladies also wore, suspended from the left shoulder, sashes of Royal Stewart tartan, which the family of the Duke of Hamilton is alone permitted to don.

The return of the Guards on Thursday enticed a tremendous number of North-side Londoners to cross the river. Few people had prepared platforms from which to see the Guards, so I fancy half the crowd saw nothing but rifle-rod and an occasional kharkee helmet.

Brigadier-General Macdonald, who received signal commendation from the Sirdar in his despatch relating the incidents of the Battle of Omdurman, has been in the Khedivial service for thirteen years. Receiving his commission on the recommendation of Lord Roberts for his gallant exploits in the Afghan campaign—after the battle of Charasiab, General Roberts, as he then was, thanked Macdonald personally for “the ability and intelligence with which he handled the party under his command”—Colonel Macdonald joined the Egyptian Constabulary in 1885, and the brigade of Egyptian soldiers handled so brilliantly by him at a crisis in the late battle has been trained by the old-time draper’s assistant. The Khedive conferred upon Macdonald, in recognition of his gallant conduct in the defence of Suakim, the Third Class Order of the Medjidieh. Though it is now over a score of years since Colonel Hector Macdonald enlisted as a private in the Gordon Highlanders, he is one of the youngest brigadiers to whom has been entrusted the duty of leading our men in the Soudan campaign.

The Sirdar was promoted Major-General in 1896, after the capture of Dongola, and it is said that he will shortly be gazetted Lieut.-General, when he will be by far the youngest officer of that rank in the Army List. While he was with the British Army his rate of promotion was very slow. He joined the Royal Engineers in 1871, and remained a subaltern till January 1883, when he was promoted Captain. The next month he joined the Egyptian Army, and his promotion has since been as rapid as it was slow before. In 1884 he became Brevet-Major, in 1885 Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel, and three years later he became Colonel, so that while it took him twelve years to become a Captain, in five and a-half years he passed from that rank to a full Colonelcy.

The Soudan campaign is to result in a flood of literature. Mr. Steevens has republished his brilliant articles to the *Daily Mail* through the Blackwoods, and Cassell has come out with a new work (in twelve sixpenny parts) called “The Wars of the ‘Nineties.” The first number, which is capital so far as I have examined it, deals very appropriately with the Reconquest of the Soudan.

Little time is lost in taking advantage of the Soudan markets. By Sept. 20, a friend of mine who has had a large commercial experience in the East was in receipt of an offer of £2000 a-year to proceed to the conquered country. He was offered unlimited supplies, and instructed to develop such business as might present itself. For private reasons the offer could not be accepted, but it suffices to show the spirit of progress that is animating English houses. It must not be forgotten by the bold and hardy young Britons who wish to take advantage of Soudanese markets before prices find their level that a special commercial equipment is required. Not only must you have the command of several languages, including Arabic, but you must have an iron constitution, a complete content with roughest fare and accommodation, and you must be well able to take care of yourself, since you will find neither consuls nor policemen. With all these qualifications you may fail completely as a business-man unless you have met the Arab and his confrères before and have done business with them. Every man who does business in the African markets can lie like a diplomat or a tombstone. He is quick at cheating, and, having few of the appliances of a more complicated civilisation, has to rely on his own resources. This habitual reliance breeds qualities that are hard to combat, and only the man who has triumphed repeatedly in the bazaars of the Orient can hope to succeed in the new markets. Experts will command good prices.

The centenary of the birth of Robert Pollok, author of “The Course of Time,” occurs next week—he was born, his brother states, in the Life he prepared, on Oct. 19, 1798—and the occasion has anew directed attention to Pollok’s work. Though now well-nigh forgotten, “The Course of Time” had an extraordinary vogue for long after its publication, seventy years ago. It was on the recommendation of Professor John Wilson that the poem was accepted and published by Blackwoods, one of the luckiest hits made by the famous publishing house in its early history. Concerning “The Course of Time,” Christopher North wrote: “The soul of poetry is there, though often dimly enveloped, and many passages there are, and long ones too, that heave and hurry



“WE ARE SISTERS THREE.”
Photo by Standish and Preece, Christchurch, New Zealand.

and glow along in a divine enthusiasm.” The poem has passed through eighty editions in this country, and nearly as many in America; £2500, a sum far exceeding that received by Sir Walter Scott for his verse, was paid for the poem. Pollok died in 1827, the year his “Course of Time” saw the light, and lies in the churchyard of Millbrook, near Southampton.

"MY FRIEND MR. GREEN!"

The gentleman who calls himself "Louis de Rougemont," and who opened fire last Monday week as a public lecturer, would seem to have a rival in the art of letter-writing. That rival is his editor on the *Wide World Magazine*. Mr. Fitzgerald writes to the proprietors of this journal. Were he not very simple-minded and engagingly naïve, he would know that journalistic etiquette required that his letter should be addressed to the Editor.

I regret very much being obliged to reopen the question of the extraordinary attack in *The Sketch* dated Sept. 21. As, however, this attack has resulted in serious consequences for this house, and myself in particular, I am compelled now to indite to you a further letter, going over the points and the series of statements made.

In the first place, you say that you have received from the office of *Tit-Bits* a portrait of M. de Rougemont. You did not receive the portrait from the office of *Tit-Bits*, but from the office of the *Wide World Magazine*. The British Association, although supposed to "look ridiculous in the annals of science," is able to take care of itself. Next in order comes the attack on myself, which has given me a great deal of pain and annoyance. You will remember that I am referred to as a "literary agent," and as one who has "shown the shrewd business capacity of that class."

Next comes the statement which is most serious of all. "He published it in the '*Wide World Magazine*,' with the result, I believe, of raising the circulation of that publication from comparative nothingness to an incalculable number of thousands." Now, sir, our advertisers have come to us and raised the question whether we have not willfully misrepresented the facts in assuring them that the circulation of the "*Wide World Magazine*" never fell below 150,000 from the day of its birth until last July, which was the last month before the commencement of the de Rougemont narrative. You will see that this surprisingly gratuitous statement has placed us in a very awkward position indeed, and is likely to do us, and, indeed, is doing us, very great harm.

Next comes reference to Dr. Scott Keltie's "comical exhibition," but with this I am not concerned at all. The Secretary of the R.G.S. is, I should imagine, well able to look after himself. Next comes an equally offensive attack upon Sir William Crookes, followed by a statement to the effect that the British Association "stands before the world to-day as a discredited and ridiculous body." Which, to me, is positively astounding—that you should make such statements.

I reply by unsaying everything that I have said which hurts the feelings of Mr. Fitzgerald and that applies to him personally. I, of

course, quite accept his statement as to the circulation of the *Wide World Magazine* before "Louis de Rougemont" began to write; I always accept the statement of editors and newspaper proprietors on the circulation of their publications. I equally freely apologise to Mr. Fitzgerald for

having stated that he had been a literary agent—a terrible imputation!

Mr. Fitzgerald apparently objects to my statement that the British Association had made itself ridiculous by its support of "de Rougemont"; time will prove whether this is the case or not. A number of the members of the Association have begun already to repudiate responsibility for "de Rougemont's" appearance, and as it is now clearly proved that one of his names is "Grin," or "Green," there are by this time, no doubt, others who realise the ridiculous position in which they have placed themselves by asking a man of whose antecedents nothing was known to make an impressive appearance before them. As for Dr. Scott Keltie, it is of more importance to know what the members of the Royal Geographical Society think of their Secretary's reputed "endorsement" than to know what anyone else thinks. The same may be said of my remarks on Sir William Crookes, whose position in the annals of spiritualism does not seem to be understood quite clearly by a great number of people who think that the President of the British Association has merely indulged in psychical research—not quite the same thing. But it is now generally understood among men of science that this is the beginning of the end with the British Association. Henceforth it will only be recognised as a third-rate picnic.

Mr. Fitzgerald is wrong about the portrait of "M. de Rougemont" which I published in a recent issue. This certainly reached me in a wrapper with the name of *Tit-Bits* upon it. My statement regarding *Tit-Bits* was not meant to be invidious. I have a great esteem for Sir George Newnes. He is personally one of the most charming and, indeed, lovable of men, as all who have come under his influence readily bear witness. I have elsewhere in this number endeavoured to recognise the high place he holds as a pioneer in the spread of popular reading. In this matter, however, I believe him to have been imposed upon. The *Daily Chronicle*, which has dealt with de Rougemont, alias Green, alias Grin, with remarkable ability, has now clearly proved that Green was for seventeen years in Sydney, and was there mixed-up with a firm of diving-apparatus manufacturers. At the time he declares himself to have been living a savage life, he was surrounded by a white family in Sydney, and his eldest child there is fourteen years of age. Meanwhile, Mr. Fitzgerald apparently only courts another flicker of notoriety, and I am happy to give it to him. Before he has done with his colleague "Mr. Green," he will doubtless have had more than enough.

THE ADVENTURES OF HENRI DE VERTUCHOU.

[We have secured the sole right of reproduction of the most amazing, the most astounding, the most impossible, the most incredible adventures of the present century. They can never happen again. We can personally guarantee that, if not absolutely true in every detail, they are at least well found, and the name of HENRI DE VERTUCHOU will become a household word, even to the farthest corners of the Soudan.—Ed.]

I was born somewhere in France, at some time between the years 1860-70. I came to England at the very beginning of April 1896, when all my relations supposed me far away in New Caledonia. A few months sufficed to acquire that profound knowledge of the English language which has stood me in such excellent stead. But when, on the evening of Dec. 4, 1896, I strolled along the Brighton front, I was nearly at the end of my resources. It was a wild night, thoroughly in harmony with my chaotic state of soul. I yearned to cool my fevered brow at the end of the Old Chain Pier. In the semi-darkness, I clambered over the deserted toll-gate, and with some difficulty made my way to one of the wooden shelters at the end of the venerable pile. Sinking exhausted on the seat, I noticed a dog curled up in a corner. I spoke to him kindly, and he wagged his tail, but took no further notice of me. The wind rose, yet I remained buried in my own cogitations. How long I remained thus buried I do not know, though I remember seeing old Fogden light the lamp at the pier-head. Of course, he did not see me. At length I was roused! Was the world coming to an end? I leaped from the shelter, followed by the faithful dog. Crash! Smash! The Old Pier was resolving itself into its original elements. In less time than it takes to write it, I found myself providentially perched on the top of a pile, a weary waif, amid the turbulent waves which had swept everything else away. Not everything! A faint howl told me that the faithful dog was perched upon a pile close by. Still, the position was sufficiently awful. At any moment I might drop off into the boiling surf and be cooked to death on the spot. Fortunately, I retained my presence of mind. Selecting two of the huge baulks which were tossing and crashing around me, with infinite difficulty, and after two or three hours of labour, I lashed them together with strips torn from my coat. It was better to trust to this frail craft than run the risk of being swept from my perch. Clambering on to it, I whistled, and the intelligent dog was by my side in an instant. How shall I describe the horrors of that night? We drifted out to sea. I fastened myself on to the raft with my pocket-handkerchief, or I must have perished. As for the dog, I cannot imagine how he retained his foothold on the slippery wood, which was bobbing up and down like a frisky kitten. Suddenly out of the darkness loomed the dark form of a schooner. For a moment we were poised on the crest of a giant wave, and the next we were hurled upon the doomed vessel with the force of a battering-ram. In vain I tried to raise a shout of warning. The cry froze in my throat. We struck her amidships, abaft the binnacle, and she went down in the swirling waters with all her crew. As the result of this terrible scene I fainted away.

When I recovered my senses, it was to find broad daylight, a much calmer sea, and the faithful dog licking my face. My first reflection was that we were saved. Little did I think that that tiny craft, measuring some twenty-five feet by three, was to be my home for the next eighteen months. Yet such was to be the case. To return to my mittens. I endeavoured to rig up a jury-mast and sail with a walking-stick and my pocket-handkerchief. The result was not successful. A policy of drift was the only one available, and we drifted. Hunger now came upon the scene. All the provisions that I had consisted of a small tin of —'s fluid extract of beef, which chanced to be in my pocket. Happily, as is well known, the strength of a single tin is about equivalent to a moderate-sized herd of oxen. I placed a piece the size of a pea on the tip of the dog's tongue. He was instantly invigorated, and barked loudly. Let me say at once that for many weeks we subsisted upon one pellet of beef extract each per day. For although we occasionally sighted vessels, they invariably failed to sight us, and a struggle for existence ensued which has never been paralleled. I am certain I should have died but for the dog. When I felt myself going mad, I used to talk to the dog, and when he in turn felt that he was going mad, he barked at me. Thus we both relieved our feelings. Then I taught him, tricks—"tricks that Barnum never knew, None so wonderful as they." He stood indiscriminately on his head or his tail, at the word of command. A great difficulty was the cold. I sacrificed my waistcoat to make a coat for the animal. For myself, my chief device was plenty of exercise. Several hours a day, when the sea was calm, I walked rapidly backwards and forwards the length of my raft, turning an occasional somersault. The faithful dog soon learned to follow at my heels. He even learned to imitate the somersault. Thus we kept ourselves warm.

You will have wondered, all this time, why we did not perish of thirst. Our sufferings the first two days were extreme. An idea came. The ends of the baulks were cased in thin sheet-iron. With infinite labour and my trusty penknife, I detached this iron, and formed two rude receptacles, one of which I filled with sea-water. An ordinary burning-glass was in my pocket. Strange as it may seem, with this appliance I succeeded, after many trials, in making the water boil, and in distilling enough of the life-giving liquid to keep our bodies and souls together. At times we were sorely put to it, and if it had not been for the fairly frequent rainfall I doubt if we should have survived.

At the end of eighteen months—

FRED EDMONDS.

(To be discontinued.)

ST. JAMES'S HALL, <small>REGENT STREET, PICCADILLY.</small> MR. LOUIS De ROUGEMONT'S LECTURE, On MONDAY, OCTOBER 3rd, 1898. <small>Doors open at 7.30. Lecture at 8.</small>		St. James's Hall MR. LOUIS De ROUGEMONT'S LECTURE, Monday, Oct 3, 1898. <small>at 8 p.m.</small> Stall, 7/6. Row 8 No. 15
Stall, 7/6. Row 8 No. 15		



MISS BERTHA ANNESLEY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.

ANOTHER PEERAGE ROMANCE.

The announcement just made public that the title of Earl of Landaff is claimed and now assumed by Mr. Arnold Harris Mathew adds yet another to the already long list of romances of the peerage, and this time with reference to the Irish dignities conferred on Francis Mathew (son of Thomas Mathew, of Annfield and Thomastown, Co. Tipperary), who was



EARL OF LANDAFF'S CREST.

Faulkner's Dublin Journal of Sept. 8, 1764, on the sixth of that month (privately, at the house of Mr. Preston, afterwards Lord Tara), Ellisha, daughter of James Smyth, M.P. for Co. Antrim; she died after the birth of her only daughter in 1781, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* records that her funeral, which took place in Ireland, was an exceptionally grand one, and that one hundred and fifty mourning-coaches, fifty-four of which were drawn by six horses apiece, with a great number of servants, were sent to join the procession, also that the Archbishop of Cashel, in full pontificals, together with many diocesan clergy and a hundred and twenty domestics, accompanied the cortège, while the tenantry, unsolicited, gravelled several miles of road leading through the park to her grave, over which they erected a mausoleum. The report also adds: "The pall was held by eight noblemen. . . . The family dissensions, which for a century had divided the great people of the country, seemed to be buried with the body."

The first Earlre-married, 1784, a daughter of the first Earl of Massereene; she died without issue, 1796. The Earl himself died suddenly in 1806, and, as a will he was known to have made could not be found at his decease, he was declared intestate, and his estate was administered by his son, Francis James, born on Jan. 30, 1768, who, four years subsequently, petitioned the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords to recognise his right to vote at the election of Representative Peers for Ireland, and the Committee considered the claim proved, it is said, without documentary evidence being produced, and mainly on the testimony of a farm-bailiff, one Robert Cormac, who had only entered the service of the family in 1785, but who swore that the petitioner was the first Earl's "eldest son living."

A year after this petition was granted, this second Earl disentailed the estates, and sold the larger portion to pay his gambling and other debts contracted at the Cherokee Club; he married, and died in 1833 without issue, his sister, Lady Ellisha Mathew, administering as "sole heir and next-of-kin," and the titles were then supposed to have become extinct.

It is, however, stated that the first Earl, at the time of his death, had an elder son living, born in Paris Feb. 16, 1765, at the house of his mother's sister, the Vicomtesse de Rohan Chabot, and baptised there in the name of Arnold Nesbit Mathew by Bishop Challoner, in whose handwriting is the baptismal certificate setting forth the names of both parents. This child (who does not appear ever to have been recognised by the family of the Earl of Landaff) was sent to his maternal uncle in Gloucestershire, and was believed to have died in 1783, but was, it is said, in reality alive, having gone to India a year previously, and ought to have succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1786. This Arnold Nesbit entered the Honourable East India Company's service and followed a military career. He died of cholera in India, never having assumed the title, and the inscription placed on his tomb by an unknown hand runs as follows: "Sacred to the memory of Major Arnold Nesbit Mathew, of the Hon. Co.'s Bengal Artillery, who departed this life October 6, 1820, aged about 54 years." His marriage is given as having taken place in India on Nov. 20, 1806, to a daughter of the Marchese Domenico Povoleri, which name the present claimant assumed in 1890, but renounced in 1894; by her Major Arnold Nesbit Mathew had issue an only legitimate child, Arnold Henry Ochterlony, born Sept. 17, 1807, who, on learning in 1834 that the above-mentioned Lady Ellisha Mathew proposed selling the remainder of the Irish estates, wrote protesting against further alienation of the property, and received a reply from her and assurance that they should not be sold, but that she would restore them by will to the rightful owner. Her will, however, entailed the property in an entirely different quarter,



THE EARL OF LANDAFF.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

and one of her executors, Father Theodore Mathew—widely known as the Apostle of Temperance—declined, under the circumstances, to act, and on his decease there was found among his papers a manuscript pedigree bearing, as the claimant says, the signature of the first Earl of Landaff, in which Arnold Nesbit was placed as the first Earl's eldest son. Arnold Henry Ochterlony Mathew also served in India in the Bombay Army, and although on returning to Europe he visited Thomastown, on learning of his aunt's death and finding others in possession of the estates, he took no further steps to recover the property, and did not assume the title. He married May 16, 1851, and died in 1894, leaving a son, Arnold Harris, the present claimant, born Aug. 7, 1852.

It will doubtless be remembered that at the time the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, Home Secretary in Lord Salisbury's last Cabinet, was created Viscount Llandaff in 1895, Mr. Mathew then made public protest in the papers against the Home Secretary's elevation to the peerage by the title of Llandaff.

It certainly seems a great pity, as the claimant's case—supposing the proofs to be all in order and admissible—is by no means a weak one, and as the expense could not be very heavy considering that he has only to go back to the early part of the century, that he does not intend at present to submit his case to the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, with a view to officially establish his right to vote at the election of Representative Peers for Ireland, and so definitely determine in the customary method his right to the dignity he claims; but he has been advised that, even if wholly successful, all he could hope to obtain would be the barren titles, and that he is debarred from recovering any portion whatever of the old estates; further, it is true that there are many Irish Peers who have never gone through the formality of establishing their right to vote, and whose names appear, therefore, in italics on Ulster's



ENTRANCE TO THE CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS.

Photo by A. Anderson, Paris.

Roll; but the Landaff peerage can hardly be said to be on all fours with these, as its name does not now appear at all on the Roll, it having, no doubt, been removed at the time the title was supposed to have become extinct in 1833.

It would be interesting to see whether the documentary and other evidence now accumulated would prove sufficiently strong to enable the Committee of Privileges to admit this claim and to justify them in overriding their previous decision in 1810, that Francis James Mathew was the "eldest son living" of the first Earl.

The armorial insignia used by the Earls of Landaff, illustrated above, are: Arms—a lion rampant sable, langued gules. Crest—a heathcock sable. Supporters—two unicorns argent, maned, tufted, unguled, horned, collared and chained or. Mottoes—"Yfyn Daw y fydd" ("What God willeth will be"), while over the crest is the word "Towton."

THE CLUNY MUSEUM, PARIS.

Owing to the recent demolition of some buildings which hid the Cluny Museum from view, this architectural gem of the fourteenth century can now be seen in all its beauty, and a strong agitation is on foot in Paris to induce either the Government or the Municipal Council to purchase the piece of waste ground in front of the Museum and transform it into a public garden before some building-fiend gets hold of it and erects a seven or eight storey block of flats upon it that would completely dwarf and crush the Museum. It is by constant, unremitting public vigilance of this description that Paris has been made what it is. Radical as the composition of the Municipal Council is, its members seldom turn a deaf ear to any earnest appeal to embellish the city they administer. If the owner of the ground does not make too exorbitant a demand, it is probable that the State and the town will contribute equally to the purchase price, the garden, once it is formed, being maintained at the expense of the latter.



"A STUD! A STUD! MY LIFE for a STUD!!"



NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The dramatic critics have had an easy time of it, for the week has passed away without any novelty, save the second edition of "The Belle of New York" and of "The Royal Star." With the latter I hope to deal next week. Meantime, let me refer to the Shaftesbury mascot. The amount of novelty in the new edition of "The Belle of New York" cannot be called oppressive, for, on the whole, it consists of little more than some changes of cast in the curious entertainment which has "caught on" at the Shaftesbury. The substitution of Mr. Harry Davenport for Mr. Dan Daly took place quite a long time ago, and though the younger player works with skill and energy, no little damage is sustained by the piece through the loss of so strange and ingenious a low comedian as Mr. Dan Daly. Mr. Carlton, a newcomer, sings very agreeably in the part of the very ill-behaved hero; his acting shows some signs of nervousness. A new Kissie Fitzgarter and a new Pell Street girl appeared. However, I do not appreciate the humours of the parts, and therefore, perhaps, fail to see the quality of the new performers. In addition, it appears that there are some newcomers among Cora Angelique's bridesmaids—one paper even suggested that they were all new, but my memory tells me that this is not the case. In other respects the really excellent original company is still before us. Mr. Sullivan's brilliant piece of acting as the polite lunatic shows no falling-off in merit. It may be that those charming young ladies, Miss Edna May and Miss Phyllis Rankin, have drifted into a trick of singing rather too slowly, which is to be regretted. Their songs seem as popular as ever. Perhaps it may be hinted that Mr. Lawton is not quite wise in whistling such a prodigious quantity at a stretch. He gives so long a solo that there seems a sort of trial-of-endurance element in it, and, in the end, it is not altogether certain whose powers of endurance are being tried. I have forgotten to mention in due order that there is a new dancer, called Mdlle. Proto. She is described as "a novelty toe-dancer." Experience has led me to expect no very valuable contribution to art from dancers who classify themselves in this fashion. It is to be feared that some of these remarks may sound a little unkind and discouraging. Some allowance must be made on account of the fact that my attendance and expectation of a new edition caused me a little feeling of annoyance when I discovered no real changes had been made. It is difficult to say how far the management is responsible for this disappointment; consequently, I should like to conclude with the general remark that, of the many pieces of its class now struggling for life in London, "The Belle of New York" is certainly one of the brightest and most entertaining.

One of the features of the Lyceum production of "Macbeth" is the impressive Macduff of Mr. Robert Taber. In "Peter the Great" he did not show to much advantage, but now he has come to the front. Mr. Taber is married to Miss Julia Marlowe, the American actress.



MR. ROBERT TABER AS MACDUFF, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

Photo by Caswell Smith, Oxford Street, W.

Miss Rose Boote, of the Gaiety, made her first appearance on the stage four years ago in a piece called "McKenna's Flirtation." Since then she has been "principal girl" at the Theatres Royal, Bolton and Bradford, and played Geraldine in "An Artist's Model" on tour. She



MISS ROSE BOOTE, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Photo by the Carbon Studios, New York.

then joined "The Circus Girl," at the Gaiety, and went for six months to America with the "In Town" Company, playing Flo Fanshawe, returning again to the Gaiety. She is now playing Mrs. Creel and dancing in "A Runaway Girl."

Miss Frances Earle, whose performance in "Bilberry of Tilbury," at the Criterion Theatre, was the bright particular feature in the entertainment, has now been engaged by Mr. Arthur Roberts to play the leading part in the new musical piece with which he is visiting the chief provincial cities, where Miss Earle is already a favourite among lovers of acting more delicate than is usually seen in comic opera.

The onward march of suburban theatredom is still vigorously maintained. The new Crown Theatre at Peckham, run in conjunction with the Pavilion, proudly called "The Drury Lane of the East," will be opened at the end of this month, and very shortly afterwards Mr. Robert Arthur's fresh playhouse at Kennington will be ready. Mr. Purcell, of the Alexandra, Stoke Newington, contemplates building another theatre in Holloway, and fresh places of entertainment—some music-halls, some theatres—are projected in Tottenham, Brixton, Camden Town, and Stratford. All this shows mighty activity.

I sometimes envy Mr. Dan Leno. I have heard fabulous accounts of the jewellery he possesses, and now comes the astounding statement that Mr. Leno is to have £200 a-week for playing the title-part in "Orlando Dando" on tour. Nay, more, it is averred that he is to receive £5 extra for every encore he gives. Such are the rewards of a popular comedian. A dead set, I might note *en passant*, has lately been made against the encore system, but there are two sides to this as to every question. Injudiciously accepted encores may wreck a first-night performance; encores kindly bestowed have made the reputation of many an aspiring young artist.

Despite the obvious fact that Mrs. John Wood is playing Lady Garnett in "The Great Ruby," at Drury Lane, and is likely to continue doing so until Christmas-time, some American papers have been reviving the formerly contradicted rumour that Mrs. Wood would be one of the members of the company supporting Mr. Joseph Jefferson in his important reproduction of "The Rivals" in New York this month. Mr. Jefferson, however, will still have many excellent artists to help him.

In answer to an anonymous post-card, let me say that it was Mr. J. Hassal who designed the very clever poster of "The Dandy Fifth," which I reproduced the other day. The piece was withdrawn on Saturday in favour of Mr. Anthony Hope's new play, "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," which was to be produced last night.

THE ANGLING CRAZE.

It is not everyone who is privileged to possess a gun and play havoc with feather and fur, or a nag whercon to chase the tame stag, the cunning fox, or sly pussy; but a rod, a line, and a pool of water of some sort, are within reach of all. Hence, perhaps, the secret of the angling craze.

The urchin begins with a stick, a yard or two of thread, a bent pin, a cork, and a pickle-bottle full of limpid water. His ambition, for the moment, is to hook the fierce stickleback, the graceful minnow, and transfer them safely from stream to bottle—a feat generally performed amid the exuberant enthusiasm of a small crowd of admiring little playmates, all eager for a hand in the stupendous achievement.

Should the urchin be a good boy and do well in the world, should he

With the human male it is different. Once caught by the angling craze, he is generally enthralled for life. He gives the fascinating pastime all his leisure, all his Bank Holidays, some of his Sundays; rises at dawn to have a try before going to work, is at it again, in summer-time, after gulping down his tea on return from business.

As others make a hobby of athletics, so the angler pursues the gentle art of entrapping the wary denizens of the water, advancing from stickleback and minnow to dace and gudgeon, roach and perch, until he brings to land a heavy, bearded barbel, some venerable fat carp, or, maybe, a ferocious pike, or wanton, frolicsome trout, which, carefully skinned, stuffed, varnished, and set in a glazed case emblazoned with the name of the captor, the date of the deed, the weight of the prize, finds place in the assembly-room of some piscatory society, or the saloon-bar



FOUR MEN AND A BOAT.



THE ANGLER'S NIGHTMARE.



EXPECTANT YOUTH.



NO THOUGHT FOR AUGHT SAVE FISH.



PATIENT AGE.



INTEREST.

From Photographs by Pilkington.

prove sufficiently careful to save a competency, perhaps he will be found, in the evening of his existence, squatting on a three-legged stool in a punt, intently watching his float; and ever and anon you will not fail to hear of him competing with kindred spirits, at one or other of the well-known angling resorts, to see who can draw from the water and safely convey to a bucket the greatest number of pounds of fish within a specified time.

Girls angle in river and stream, canal and lake, pond and pool, like their more sturdy brethren, during the juvenile period, when "dolly" leaves them sufficient leisure. Some even continue to pursue the gentle sport when well into their teens, although at that age the fiery roach and gluttonous perch have little charm for them. Aspiring to prey of a higher and more seductive order, they become fishers of men, and the bright-coloured float is then often allowed to bob gaily up and down in the rippling water, disregarded by the bright-eyed maid.

of a renowned riverside inn, to render the doughty rodsman famous in the annals of the fishing world.

An angler, to be happy, must be gifted with a vast provision of patience, which perhaps is why he has been likened to a philosopher. He has a great deal to contend with. Fish, as human beings, are often off their feed, particularly in sultry, summer weather, when the rivers have pretty nigh emptied themselves; and it happens that they will view with placid indifference the most tempting morsels that can be dangled before their nozzles. On such occasions the angler may trudge many a mile to reach a favourite and at times productive spot; he may try all kinds of bait, and return home at the end of the day without having had one single bite. But he is not disheartened. He is sufficiently comforted by the reflection that he may perhaps meet with better luck next time, and so he lives in hope.

The typical angler by nature is a man of silence. He takes after the

parrot, who thinks a great deal but does not say much. He loves to go to work soberly and methodically. He hates lookers-on and meddlers. If there be one creature in this world whom he abhors more than another, it is he who inquires with roguish solicitude whether the fish have been biting. And how he dreads that rougher class of tormentors who give "doggy" a dip in close proximity to the nook he has selected for his day's sport! And the merry boating parties who pass within a yard of his float! Little wonder if, sometimes, he so far forgets himself as to give way to unconventional language, drawing down on his head a crushing, caustic reprimand from the local bench of magistratic magnates, as happened only the other day.

In the remark, fathered on crusty old Dr. Johnson, about a worm being at one end of the line and a fool at the other, veracity, of course, was sacrificed to wit. The typical angler is not devoid of intelligence. His pastime, though apparently silly, affords him infinite amusement, which, after all, is his chief aim. Less pleasure is experienced in enjoying a fortune won than in the struggle to gain it, particularly if the task be a hard one. So it is with the angler. Whether he be fishing from the desolate bank of a Metropolitan canal, or amid more rural surroundings, he finds his delight in the expectation of what he hopes may be coming.

The bait is there. Perhaps hundreds of fish are hovering around. Will one dart along and snatch at it? And if he should, what a thrill when the brilliant bit of painted cork wobbles; then, again, when it ducks; and, finally, when you catch just a glimpse of the indicator running away beneath the water, and feel a resistance at the end of your line.

EDWARD VIZETELLY.

AUSTRALIAN BIRDS: THE RIFLE-BIRD.

Among the less gorgeously arrayed Birds of Paradise are the Rifle-birds, who probably owe their popular name to the brilliant green in their plumage, which recalls the uniform of our rifle regiments. There are four species of Rifle-bird, all of which bear considerable resemblance to

one another, and have in common the breast-shields, caps, and central tail-feathers, whose metallic green is as remarkable for its brilliancy as the dress of some Humming-birds. The Paradise Rifle-bird, one of the most beautiful, is restricted to South-Eastern Australia. It haunts the large woods that skirt the mountains and creeks, and in such places during the breeding season the cock-bird betrays himself by "showing off." At sunrise he seeks the higher branches of the pines, and spends the morning sunning

himself and preening his feathers, and taking short flights from tree to tree, during which flights he utters his song. The "song" of the Rifle-bird is not one about which poets, however indulgent, can rave, consisting of a very prolonged "Yaa-ass!" He varies this utterance with another described as resembling the shaking of a piece of new, stiff silk; but whether this latter noise comes from the throat or wings of the bird there is some doubt.

As might be expected from the short, rounded wings, the Rifle-bird's powers of flight are limited, and, save at the pairing season, when it indulges in the exercise described, it spends its time running about the trunks and limbs of large trees, hunting the insects which hide in crannies of the bark. Nature expended all her decorative skill upon the cock Rifle-bird; the females are soberly, nay, dingily, attired in mere browns and greys,

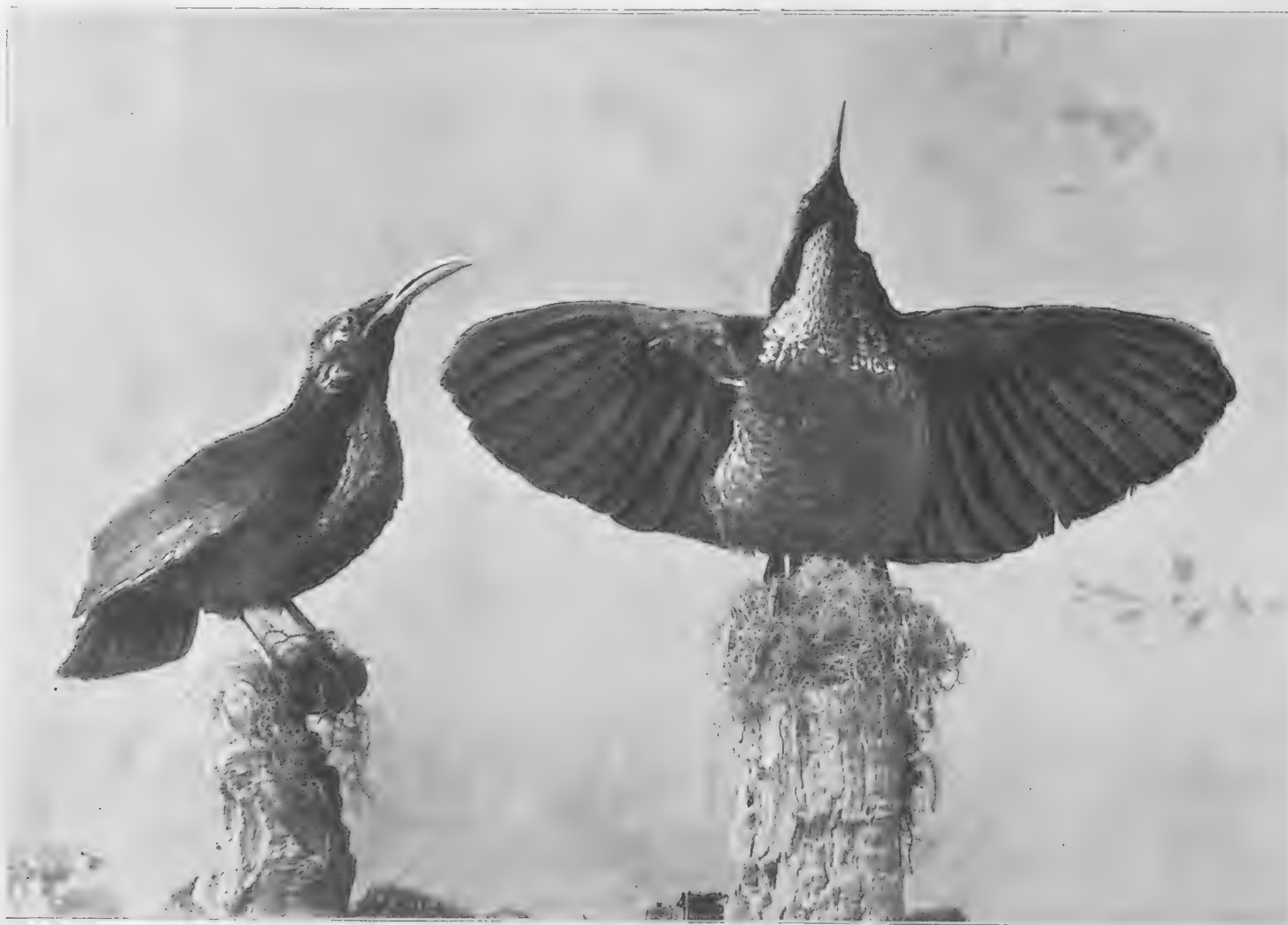
without a suspicion of the brilliant purples and greens which make their mates such resplendent objects in their native woods.

M. Jules P. Verreaux, who devoted much time to study of these birds in their haunts, ascertained the curious fact that the Paradise Rifle-bird always passes the night in some hollow tree. It also nests in hollow trees. Queen Victoria's Rifle-bird is found on the north-east coast of Australia and on the Barnard Isles; it resembles the Paradise Rifle-bird in coloration, but is somewhat smaller; the latter measures about twelve inches from beak to tail. The Magnificent and Prince Albert's Rifle-birds are easily distinguished from their relatives by possession of side-plumes springing from under the wings, adornments which show their connection with the typical Birds of Paradise.

c.



ENTHUSIASTS.
Photo by Pilkington.



PARADISE RIFLE-BIRDS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WILSON, ABERDEEN.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the numerous portraits of the Queen called into existence by the Jubilee celebrations of last year is the statue now being executed by Mr. George Frampton, A.R.A. It is of especial interest for three reasons: first, there is to be a certain departure from the lines of sculpture to which we have been accustomed,

work, which is not only an excellent likeness of her Majesty, but an ideal representation of dignified sovereignty.

Mr. Edward Pinnington has compiled an account of the Art Collection of the Corporation of Glasgow (published by T. and R. Annan and Sons), which has a singular and permanent value. It is true that Mr. Pinnington sometimes drops into very personal grammar. "In approaching," says he, "the collection of works of art belonging to the Corporation of Glasgow, its public character is to be kept steadily in view. Doing so will be found to add materially to the interest of the survey." That is the opening sentence, and it is a curious one; luckily, however, it is not typical, although the writer is fond of dropping into what has been called the "lapidary style." I can imagine the following sentence well laid out upon a decent gravestone: "Had it not been possible to approach art from both the emotional—what, for the sake of distinction, may be called the human—and the strictly or technically artistic side, the double power and pleasure at its command had not here been touched on."

Mr. Pinnington, however, complex and remote as his style sometimes is, has managed to send forth a work of great interest. His preliminary essay on Art and Government is not particularly convincing, but his catalogue is in every way admirable. The collection of which Glasgow does well to be proud is composed of bequests, gifts, and purchases, although the greater part has been acquired by purchase. As to the value of the collection, it was in 1878 that the whole was systematically examined by a Committee of Advice, consisting of Sir Daniel Macnee, Sir William Fettes Douglas, and Mr. Robert Greenlees. They suggested (as Mr. Pinnington informs us) the withdrawal of certain pictures, but reported in general terms that the Galleries contained "a collection of sound and genuine works of art of very great value, worthy, so far as it goes, of the city that owns it, and containing many invaluable treasures." Here, again, one has an opinion about the literary structure of the sentences framed by these eminent men, but, as Mr. Pinnington assures us in his very noble manner, those sentences appear "to have been intended to convey the general import of the Advisory Committee's verbal pronouncement."

Mr. Pinnington, however, does not think much of this "verbal pronouncement." "It is certain," says he, "that they neither penetrated the absolute merits of the collection nor discovered its true rank," and, indeed, an impartial outsider cannot fail to understand that he is not pleased with such a phrase as "so far as it goes."

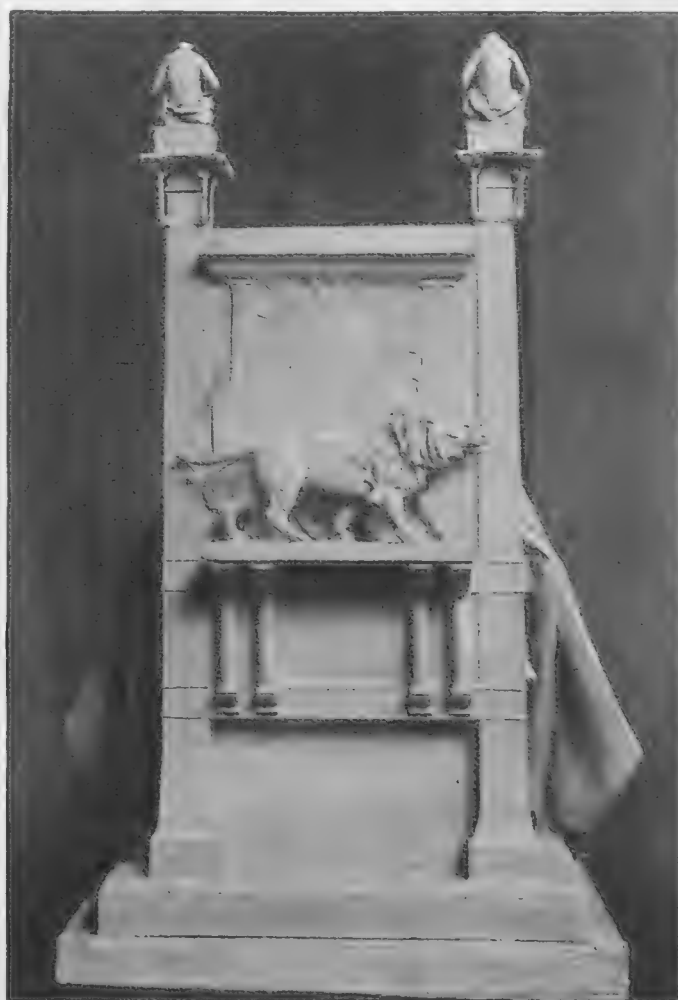


STATUE OF THE QUEEN FOR CALCUTTA.
By George Frampton, A.R.A.

namely, the use of several materials and colours; secondly, the statue is of enormous size, being two and a-half times that of life; and thirdly, because it will be set up in Calcutta as a grand memorial of the Empress-Queen's long reign.

The photographs here reproduced are from the sketch-model, which was taken down to Osborne by Mr. Frampton, and with which the Queen declared herself much pleased. Some departures from the original sketch will be made before the work is completed, but the general effect will be such as represented here. The statue, when finished, will stand twenty-seven feet high, and will be placed under a canopy of Portland stone about fifty feet high by forty wide. The Queen is seated in a chair of architectural design, and wears the robes of the Order of the Star of India, the same in which she was proclaimed Empress in 1877. The figure will be cast in light bronze; the sceptre, in the right hand, will be of ivory, with ornaments of gold. In the left hand is the orb of state, to be carried out in lapis-lazuli, surmounted by a golden figure of St. George standing ten inches high. The crown and the wreath of laurels which encircles the head of the Queen will also be in gold. The figure is supported at the shoulders by a cushion, enamelled in pale blue and white, and the chair above it is ornamented with roses.

The second photograph represents the back of the chair or throne, and is of extremely beautiful design, carrying symbols of the great Empire over which her Majesty reigns. The lion of Great Britain and the tiger of India are represented in relief, side by side. Above them is the proverbial sun which "never sets." On the sides at the top, supported by carved capitals, are two figures, the one representing Art and Literature and the other Justice. The capitals are formed of the leaves of the English oak and a symbolic tree which typifies to the Indian mind religious rites. The base of the statue will be of richly coloured marble. In front two figures of Indians in bronze will support a shield bearing the royal arms in coloured enamel, and a decorative design will be carried round. The side view of the robes, flowing in graceful folds from the shoulder to the ground, offers a pleasing contrast to the severe architectural proportions of the chair. The people of Calcutta are to be congratulated upon the possession of this magnificent



THE BACK OF THE STATUE OF THE QUEEN FOR CALCUTTA.
By George Frampton, A.R.A.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE NOVELS OF JAMES GRANT.

The new edition of James Grant's novels, which Messrs. Routledge and Sons are publishing, wakens in my mind some vivid and delightful memories. In a certain year, which is too remote to be mentioned with equanimity, a boy of eight found in an old bookcase in a house at Liverpool a novel called "The Highlanders of Glen Ora." I remember the thrill I had at the very sight of it. It was in picture boards, and the picture represented a battle, with a line of Highlanders in a bayonet charge. Instantly I was curled up in a chair devouring my first romance with throbbing pulses, but the rapture was brief. My mother impounded the book on the ground (feeble, as it seemed to me) that I was too young to read about fighting Highlanders. Some while after, having arrived at years of comparative independence (say, thirteen), I fell in again with those warriors, and proceeded to read companion volumes by the same hand without any maternal hindrance. Time has very little effect on some early impressions. I suppose it is thirty years since I read "Harry Ogilvie, or the Black Dragoons," "The Captain of the Guard," and "The Yellow Frigate"; yet I have no hesitation in agreeing with Colonel Percy Groves, who has written an introduction to "The Adventures of an Aide-de-Camp," the first volume of the new edition, that in those romances of Scottish history Grant was at his best. In them he writes like a man who is warmed by the blood of his ancestors. I am told, and can easily believe, that every Grant has a pedigree which goes back to the days of chivalry, lawlessness, and blue bonnets over the Border. Douglasses, black and red, used to haunt my boyish imagination, and I have a strong suspicion that when they were particularly bloody, bold, and resolute, there was always a Grant to cross them or bear them company. A Scottish friend of mine, deep in genealogy, murmured in my ear, touching this present article, "Don't forget Dunlugas." James Grant was not actually a Dunlugas Grant, though as I turn the pages of the "Aide-de-Camp" I light upon an affectionate allusion to Dunlugas; but he came of a line of soldiers (his father fought throughout the Peninsular War); and so they go on, these warlike Caledonians, whether they hail from Dunlugas or not, all through James Grant's stories of adventure, performing prodigies of valour, and falling in love with a headlong ardour that makes you wonder how the tradition of the cold and canny Scotchman ever came into being.

Grant wrote "The Romance of War," his first novel, at twenty-four, and sold the copyright for £20. He produced fifty-six romances and several historical works, and (says the "Dictionary of National Biography") he "died penniless" at sixty-five. How his popularity declined I do not know, for with the bulk of the fifty-six I am not acquainted. No romancer can continue writing at that rate without signs of wear-and-tear, unless endowed with the vitality of Miss Braddon. But it is clear that Grant reaped very little profit even at the height of his success. Twenty pounds for "The Romance of War," which is still one of the most excellent novels of its class! How much, I wonder, was paid for the "Aide-de-Camp," which, in spite of an old-fashioned touch here and there (Grant's hero is a young gentleman to whom the most remarkable feat of muscular agility is "the work of a moment"), is amazingly fresh and strong? The book is rich in cavaliers and bandits who would have commanded the respectful esteem of Cyrano de Bergerac and the Gascons of Carbon de Castel-Jaloux. Nobody writes such adventures nowadays—your gentlemen of France and Simon Dales notwithstanding. I don't say that all the hard knocks are artistic; but they are sustained with such extraordinary spirit that you are carried through the tale with a vehement rush, as if you were

in the middle of a storming party in a breach. Grant was a master of robust, picturesque narrative, and, if he were writing now, I believe his sheer strength would give him such a vogue as he never dreamed of. He may have suffered from his determination to give his countrymen the lion's share of the glory. A man who could write fifty-six novels for the honour of Scotland may have caused a resentful fatigue in the Southron mind. But to-day, when everybody is writing the historical romance, and the Three Musketeers are likely to be multiplied to thirty by the stage versions of Dumas, Grant ought to find a new public far more appreciative than the old. But his best work, as I have said, is in his legends of Scottish history. The portraiture in "Harry Ogilvie" is exceptionally good, notably the sketch of Cromwell, and the description of the "crowning mercy" at Dunbar is one of the best battle-pictures in fiction. I hope that, by this new edition of James Grant's most characteristic works, justice will be done to a writer who,

although he was not a great literary artist, had qualities of imagination which have not been surpassed by his successors in the same vein.—L. F. AUSTIN.



JAMES GRANT.

Photo by Barraud's, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

THE QUEEN'S LANCERS.

The 16th (Queen's) Lancers, pictured so vividly by Mr. Caton Woodville in the centre of this week's issue, date back to 1759, when Light Cavalry was permanently placed on the Army establishment. They were originally a regiment of Light Dragoons. Two years after its formation the 16th took part in the capture of Belle-Isle, off the coast of Brittany, and soon after went to Portugal, where, at Valencia de Alcantara, "after a night-march of fifteen leagues, without a halt," it destroyed a Spanish regiment, captured three stand of colours, and took as prisoners a General, a Colonel, and a host of soldiers. For this and other brilliant services the 16th was rewarded with the title of the "Queen's Light Dragoons." The regiment was one of the few that took part in the American War of Independence, when it again did great things. It was in Flanders from 1793-6, where its services were even more distinguished, and later on spent six years in the Spanish Peninsula, fighting in nearly all the important battles and gaining great distinction. It was in Vandeleur's brigade at Waterloo, where, besides protecting the retreat of the Union Brigade, it broke a square of the French Imperial

Guard and took three thousand prisoners, earning the right to bear the word "Waterloo" on its appointments. Since then its war-services have been solely in India and Afghanistan, "Bhurtpore" commencing the record, and "Sobraon" (where the regiment more than maintained its already great reputation) ending it. Though "honours" have been accorded to the 16th only for its services during and since the Peninsular War, it shares with the 4th Hussars the distinction of having more battle-names emblazoned on its standards than any other cavalry regiment in the British Army. The "Queen's" has many times been honourably mentioned in despatches, and, as was the custom in earlier years, its officers received special gold medals in commemoration of the regiment's gallantry. It is the only Lancer corps clad in scarlet, hence its nickname "The Red Lancers." Like most of our regiments, the "Queen's" has seen many changes in dress. When first raised it was a "scarlet" regiment, but its uniform was afterwards changed to blue, reverting to its original colour some years later.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



OLD KING COLE WAS A MERRY OLD SOUL
A MERRY OLD SOUL WAS HE.



HE CALLED FOR HIS PIPE & HE CALLED FOR HIS Grog.
AND HE CALLED FOR HIS FIDDLERS THREE.

THE ART OF THATCHING ROOFS.

There are many ways of making roofs, but none more picturesque than the old-fashioned one of thatching with straw. The work of renewing these roofs would not suffice to keep the thatchers in employment, and but for the annual rick-thatching the race would die out, for it requires



A NEAT STACKYARD.

much skill and practice to lay and secure the straw. If not well done, the wind and weather will play havoc with the stacks of corn. This year the thatchers are in great request, the stackyards being full to overflowing. Such a harvest has not been known for many years. Thatchers are not found on every farm. This gives opportunity for the travelling or professional man, and many have been at the work for years. One with whom I am acquainted is nearly seventy years of age, yet is as skilful as ever with his work; rather stiff in the joints perhaps, and with a body bent and twisted, for he has met with many accidents—a broken leg never properly set, a broken arm, a fractured collar-bone, his shoulders out of joint several times: these and minor casualties all

Wheat or oat straw is generally chosen, being from its length and smoothness the most suitable. It is securely fastened down with pegs and tar cord; sometimes long bands of straw are twisted and used instead of the tar cord, great care being taken to well secure the top layer and the ridge, or the first gale of wind will strip off the whole roof. The straw is prepared by carefully laying it out in a long heap, on which water is constantly poured to keep it moist and limp. From this heap



MAKING YALMS.

an assistant draws handfuls. These he makes up into small bundles called "yalms," which are laid crosswise on a band of straw. This is bound round them, and the whole carried up to the thatcher, who takes the yalms one by one and spreads them out, making the thatch thick or thin according to the length of time it is to last. Those stacks which the farmer wishes to thrash out early are just roughly thatched, but those intended to stand the winter are very carefully done.

I have described the roofing of stacks and ricks, but the method of thatching houses, barns, and other permanent buildings is the same, many materials being used, such as straw, broom-furze, flags, and reeds; these latter make a very durable covering, which will last thirty or forty



PUTTING ON THE RIDGE.

From Photographs by Newman, Berkhamstead.



LAYING ON STRAW.

caused by falls. From this it will be seen that the work is dangerous, the workman having to perform his task supported by a ladder, the rounds of which are oftentimes wet and slippery.

Before the thatch is laid on, the rick or stack of corn must have a correct pitch and be fairly even on the surface. The thatcher then proceeds to lay on the material, commencing from the bottom of the pitch.

years before needing renewal. One often sees thatched roofs of great thickness, twelve or eighteen inches in depth, because, every time it is repaired, a new layer of straw is placed on the old roof, so that in process of time it attains this immense thickness. The villagers declare that buildings thus protected are both warm in winter and cool in summer, and greatly prefer them to the thin modern roofs of slate or iron.—J. T. N.



THE 16th LIGHT DRAGOONS (1798).

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE 16th LANCERS (1898).

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LOVE IN THE FOREST.

BY MYRA HAMILTON.

Many years ago, a tall pine-tree had been planted in the shady avenue that led to the Castle; now he had grown so big that he could gaze over the tops of his companions and peep into the Castle windows in one direction, while in the other he could see into the little churchyard, and beyond again, right away in the distance, the tiny village lying under the protection of the dark blue-black hills. Upon the other side of the path grew a ladylike silver birch-tree; she had lived there many years—not so long as the pine, but, then, he was considered to be quite ancient, and she was now very dainty and pretty. Although the pine professed himself to be superior to any kind of nonsense, he could not help taking a keen interest in this graceful tree, and it was a positive joy to him to watch her stem wave and bend to the wind. She never defied the cold blasts that chased each other along the avenue on a winter's night, and, by the manner in which she used to bow her pretty head before them, the elder tree was convinced that she had been well brought up. "If I ever decided to marry," he used to say to himself, "I should select a silver birch to be my bride."

One very hot afternoon in summer, the stillness was broken by the sound of music, which seemed to draw nearer and nearer; merry voices could be heard singing in the wood, while several gaily coloured flags waved from the Castle walls. The silver birch tried to stretch her branches so that she could see into the courtyard of the Castle, for she wanted to ascertain what was happening there. But all her struggles were in vain. It vexed her to think that the pine-tree was more successful, for she guessed from the interested expression of his top branches that he was enjoying a splendid view of the proceedings. Unable to check her curiosity any longer, she bobbed across the path and lightly touched one of the pine-tree's cones.

"Please tell me," she said bashfully to him, "what you are watching so intently. A great many things seem to be taking place all around that I know nothing about. Do explain to me what you are looking at."

The pine-tree felt delighted to think that the silver birch had at last spoken to him. Lately the desire to become acquainted with her had become very strong; occasionally he had nearly forgotten his good manners and attempted to address her without a proper introduction, but to-day she had begun the conversation, and he determined that it should be prolonged. As a sign of agitation, he dropped a shower of needles to the ground, but she paid no attention to this.

"Don't you know that the Count is married to-day?" he inquired graciously.

The silver birch was charmed at the information. She loved a wedding, and here was one in which she felt particularly interested, for she lived on the Count's estate, so she eagerly begged for full details.

"Well," began the pine very pompously, "the Count had always been a man possessing many strange ideas, but he is so wealthy that nobody ever takes offence at him. I have watched him walking up and down this avenue so often lately that I was sure something was worrying him. My superior height enables me to see into the Castle windows, and when I saw the rooms were being smartened up, I knew that he contemplated bringing a wife home. But I never dreamt that he would select a simple village-maiden to be mistress of that grand old Castle and part owner of its beautiful trees. I am extremely annoyed, for I think we are all too good to belong to a girl who has spent her life minding geese. It is a disgraceful thing!"

"But perhaps he loves her," suggested the birch, rustling her leaves gently to and fro.

"Nonsense!" snapped the pine-tree indignantly. "He may admire her pretty face, but no high-born Count could love a humble girl who has been reared upon the hillside. But see, here they come. The wedding is over, I know, for they left the church long ago. Now we shall be able to judge whether we approve of his choice or not."

A crowd of people came hurrying along the avenue. At the head of the procession danced some of the maidens from the village. As they tripped gaily along they showered flowers in front of the newly married pair for them to tread upon. Then came the Castle musicians, twanging and blowing their various instruments; but the melody they played did not have a cheering effect upon the bride. She walked sadly by her husband's side, looking very wretched and depressed, and now and then a tear stole down her pale cheek.

As the couple passed under the pine-tree the silver birch bent forward to peer into the maiden's face, but she straightened herself up again with a start of dismay.

"There must be some mistake," she gasped in a horrified tone to her companion. "The Count has not married this girl, surely! I know she loves Hansen, the lad who works with the foresters upon the hillside. I have seen them together so often."

The pine-tree tossed some of his needles high into the air. "What matters the first love," he said mockingly, "if the second is wealthier?"

But the silver birch only sighed deeply. Long ago she had been greatly attached to a little holly-tree, but they were never married, because one winter so many of his branches were lopped off for the Christmas decorations that he never recovered from his injuries, and died before the spring came.

"Nay," she replied at last; "Gerda must have been forced into this marriage against her will, otherwise she would not appear to be so sad. And see, there creeps poor Hansen along the path; he follows his sweetheart to her fine home. Alack! alack!"

As Hansen stole up the avenue he did not realise that he was an object of such interest to the trees on each side of him. His heart was aching terribly, for he had been obliged to stand aside and see his little true-love made to accept the attentions of this elderly Count, of whom she stood greatly in fear; he could do nothing to save her, for he had not put by sufficient money to bid her defy her parents and come to him. But, although he felt thoroughly unhappy, he could not resist following her on her wedding morn; he wished to be with her as long as possible. In a few hours he would have to return to his work in the forest, for he had determined to labour day and night until he had succeeded in shutting out from his heart all recollection of Gerda. But at present she occupied his thoughts entirely, and he leant against the silver birch-tree and sighed regretfully.

After everything was quiet at the Castle, and Hansen had departed, the pine-tree bent over the path and gently kissed the silver birch.

She drew herself up and rustled her leaves indignantly. "How dare you do such a thing!" she gasped angrily. "I thought you were a properly trained tree. I am very disappointed in you. You should have known better."

"I did it," responded the pine-tree humbly, "because I love you. I want to ask you to marry me. I hope that you will consent, for I am afraid that I shall wither and die if you refuse to accept me."

Then the silver birch felt most embarrassed. She shook her dainty leaves about and coyly turned her branches in every direction before she spoke; but when she did so, it was to relate to her stately suitor the story of her romance with the holly-bush.

But the pine-tree hardly seemed interested. "Pooh!" he declared. "You were only a sapling then, with a sapling's little white heart. But you are older now, and I am sure you would care for me in time, if you will only try to do so. Say you will be mine, and let our roots twine together under the ground until we are cut down or transplanted. I think we shall be very happy."

So the silver birch consented to marry the tall pine-tree, and, from constantly nodding across the path at each other, they both grew a little closer together, and that was what the Count noticed as he walked down the avenue one evening with his little wife.

"Look, Gerda," he said carelessly; "see how those two trees are drawing near to each other. I never observed that before."

The little Countess—she was hardly more than a child—clasped her hands together and gazed at them. "Perhaps they are married, too," she suggested sadly. "If so, I hope you will be very happy, dear trees," she added kindly.

The Count laughed sneeringly, and then he frowned. "As happy as we are, eh, Gerda?" he said mockingly.

But she raised her large eyes to his face and shook her head dreamily. "No, no!" she cried. "Far happier than that, I mean." Then she stole up to the silver birch-tree and softly kissed its trunk, and, before the Count could interfere, she did the same to the pine. "Don't ever forget me, pretty trees," she said wistfully. "You shall never be destroyed if I can help it."

This little episode caused the silver birch to feel very lovingly towards the Countess Gerda. She discussed her with the pine-tree every day, and she used to watch the avenue, hoping that the little bride would stroll down it again, but she never appeared.

A little while elapsed before the pine-tree announced that, a few days previously, while he watched the lake, he had seen four men draw a body out of it, and, as they bore it to the village, he recognised that the drowned man was Hansen. This piece of news upset the silver birch exceedingly; she sympathised greatly with the little Countess, for she knew when the Countess heard of her lover's death she would feel very unhappy. While the pine-tree graphically described the funeral to his wife it was raining hard, and when he had finished the silver birch felt utterly miserable. That evening, as she waved sorrowfully about in the wind, she suddenly noticed the Countess creeping along the avenue. The rain was falling fast, but the Countess did not heed it; with one hand she held her cloak round her shoulders, while in the other she carried a large wreath of pure white lilies, which she tried to shield from the weather. She passed by the two trees without even glancing at them, and then she hurried away into the gloom. The pine-tree peered after her, for he wondered what she was going to do. He saw her reach the churchyard and silently open the little gate; then she laid the white blossoms she had brought upon Hansen's grave, and, with a low, moaning cry, she threw herself upon it and sobbed bitterly. The pine-tree grew very nervous. He feared that she would be discovered lying by her lover's grave, and he wished he had the power to make her return; but, in the meantime, he and the silver birch waved their branches about in distraction, and whispered, "Come back! Come back!"

At last the little Countess rose and came slowly towards the Castle. She looked around her nervously, for she remembered it was very late, and when she drew near the Castle she began to run. The pine-tree watched her enter the courtyard; she turned the handle of the door very gently, and then, to his dismay, he saw that it did not yield. He could tell that she was using all her strength against it, but it was no

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.





MADAME CHRYSANTHEMUM.

good, and when he saw her glide away, he knew she was going to try another entrance. But all the doors were barred against her, and she stood outside the walls of her home, this pouring wet night.

"What is the matter?" asked the silver birch, seeing how excited her husband had suddenly become.

"They have locked her out of the Castle," explained the pine-tree indignantly. "They refuse to let her enter because she has been to the churchyard, I suppose. Shame upon them!"

Once again the little figure ran along the avenue. But this time she held her hands over her face, and she was sobbing loudly. She staggered on through the gathering darkness until she reached the silver birch, and then, with a pathetic cry, she tottered and fell. All that night she lay at the root of the tree, quietly crying to herself while the rain poured down upon her; and although the silver birch wearied herself in her endeavours to keep the little Countess dry, the cold rain chilled her.

Early in the morning the Count appeared. He hastened down the avenue, but though he strode furiously along it, there was a look in his eyes that made the silver birch feel sure he had forgiven his wife. With an exclamation of pity, he knelt by her recumbent form, he raised her cold hand in one of his, and began to chafe it tenderly; then he poured a few drops of warm cordial down her throat, but all his efforts to revive her were wasted. At last he realised that she had left him to join her lover in the Land beyond the Sun, so he bared his head, and, carefully lifting up the poor little Countess, he carried her off—back to the home that turned her away the previous night, back through the door that she had beaten imploringly upon with her little weak hands.

The shock of Gerda's death made such a deep impression upon the silver birch that she fretted herself ill. All through the autumn she grew weaker and weaker; the cold winds blew through her branches and tried in vain to cheer her, and the pine-tree was very anxious. From the other side of the path he used to gaze at her; he watched her leaves shrivel up, he felt her roots were becoming dry and brittle, and at last he saw that she had faded away completely. On that day it happened that the Count walked towards the trees. He liked to come and inspect them occasionally, for he remembered how fond his little wife had been of them; but when he saw that the ground was strewn with the silver birch-leaves, he realised she was dead. The dejected attitude of the pine struck him immediately.

"We must spend our Christmas together, old tree," he said consolingly to him, and the pine gravely bowed his head. So, late in December, the pine-tree was felled to the ground and chopped into logs.

And when the Count sat in his empty room and allowed his thoughts to wander to his dead wife, the pine-tree used to crackle merrily in the hearth, and send forth bright little jets of flame in his endeavours to cheer his master in his loneliness.

THE MAGIC LAMP.

'Neath a moonlit sky in the days gone by,
As the ballads of old relate,
When a lad was bold and his lady shy
He would wait at the postern gate.
For she feared as he strummed her a drowsy lay,
He would waken the sire that slept.
So she fastened her casement, hid in spray,
And out to the postern crept.

Now I know not that postern gate of yore,
I see not the casement's light;
But I've watched with the crowd at the dingy door
That leads to a stage bedight.
The hoofs of the manager's horses stamp,
For they long for the great man's "Home!"
While the others must wait by the guttering lamp
Like the poor at the gates of Rome.

The fairy who danced in the spangled dress
Must change—for the night wind's cold—
Though I fear me she loses her comeliness
In her overcoat warmly rolled.
It's sometimes a mother that waits this same
Great goddess who charmed the shrine,
And you hear with a shudder her Christian name
Pronounced as "Matildar Jine."

And it's sometimes a youth with a big cigar
And a hat at an evil rake:
's a youth who is feared by Matilda's "mar,"
Hence she comes for Matilda's sake.
is drest in a vast Newmarket "sacque,"
Where the seaming is overlaid;
And the goddess familiarly calls him "Jack,"
For she isn't a bit afraid.

And it's sometimes a dear little gallery-boy,
Who dreams in his dizzy heights:
It would be the hope of his highest joy
To speak to the girl in tights.
But the painted curtain falls, alas!
And the dancers fade from view:
So he waits in the glare of the stage-door gas
To watch till his girl comes through. J. M. B.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The recent developments in China must appear more natural, and even laudable, to the Russians than to ourselves, not merely because they are, at first sight, entirely favourable to Russian aggrandisement, but because they are so like the past history of the most Asiatic of European Powers or the most European of Asiatic States. Perhaps it is the Tartar touch, but certainly the present Dowager Empress of China has all the discreditable energy of an Elizabeth (of Russia) or a Catherine II. Of course, Catherine II. was a small German Princess; but she had a good deal of the Prussian in her, and Prussian and Russian have a similarity that extends beyond their names. The poor young Emperor, whether he has been "suicided" like a previous Abdul or has been allowed to live in captivity, is very like the hapless Peter III., flying in the face of his officials (read Mandarins) and imitating Prussia (read England) *à tort et à travers*. Russia has got past that stage a century ago; there is no fear that a young, weak, and well-meaning Czar may be suppressed by a reactionary Dowager and an unprincipled Minister. But China is apparently still helpless before a Palace revolution.

Russia survived the dynastic revolutions of the eighteenth century, as England had survived the similar revolutions of the fifteenth. But then Russia a hundred years ago and England four or five hundred years ago had each a bond of union. Russia had the Army; England her Parliament, and a patriotic national feeling. What has China? A rabble of untrained men and an ignorant hatred of foreigners. It is not with these that an Empire holds together. And then Russia was big and powerful, and had no formidable neighbours. China is merely big, and her neighbours could carve her Empire into sections without any strong organised resistance. The century which began with partitions of Europe, and is closing with the partition of Africa, may yet see the partition of China. Asia in Europe, as Turkey has been fitly called, will probably see the century out, and perhaps some twenty or thirty years of the next century—if the Prophet Baxter will allow us the time. Then it will be our turn to go to Mars or Venus, unless we can have a good slaughtering war over our own globe, and depopulate extensive districts.

To this complexion it may very well come. It will take very little more for the partitioning of China to begin. Already the notorious bias of the clique in power at Peking is being translated into insult and outrage by the ignorant mob. Stranger things might happen than that our Sirdar, reversing the order of Gordon's exploits, should form an Anglo-Chinese army, as he formed an Anglo-Egyptian force, and carry the Dragon banner to victory alongside of the crosses of St. George and others. He has done his work mostly on the Nile; and the French "province" of Fashoda, bounded on three sides by the river and on the fourth by a Soudanese battalion, is not likely to spread to a formidable extent. China is an even bigger field; Baron Kitchener of Khartoum (if that is it) may yet be the Duke of Kitchington.

It is time that the tools for him or another to use were being got out and furbished. A few thousand Goorkhas might be recruited ready; they are always anxious to serve. Perhaps a few of our Afridi friends might like to go further afield. It should be comparatively easy to have a force of, say, twenty-five thousand of all arms ready to start, and camp ten thousand of them at Wei-Hai-Wei. Then the partition, if partition there is to be, could be conducted with due decorum. Otherwise, some new and entirely outrageous Chinese insult or Russian encroachment may be sprung upon us before we can strike in return. One Crimean War is enough for a century, and the Crimean business came from not being ready soon enough to strike, and not striking quickly enough.

In diplomacy it is usual for Great Britain to be worsted by French and Russian negotiators. They are apt to be too sharp and too unscrupulous for us. It is hardly conceivable that England should have worried some French colony as France has worried Newfoundland, and yet British trading rights in Madagascar are as clear as French fishing rights off Newfoundland. Nor is it conceivable that our Government should have offered Li Hung Chang a bigger bribe than the Russians gave him. Albion may be perfidious, but there are some things she does not do. But the logic of facts has a way of contradicting the conclusions of diplomacy. France, for instance, has a great knack of trying to annex huge territories with very small bodies of men. This she does because she likes to have colonies, but does not really care to colonise. So when her colonial empire comes to the stress of a practical struggle, the cordon of troops breaks down, and there is nothing behind it. Russia, again, will always be slow in bringing her might to bear at any great distance; and her soldiers will always be fleeced by officials and contractors. These things do not appear in diplomacy; but they are there behind the diplomacy.

One situation is much like another; the men who saved Egypt from bankruptcy, rebellion, and foreign conquest could do the same for China, or a big section of it. The Yang-tse-Kiang represents the Nile fairly well; the officials are, in part, there already, working the Customs or the Post. It only needs the Arabi to head a successful revolt, and then the hour will have come.

And the man has come already. Should there be a Duke of Kitchington in the future, I might suggest as the Duke's motto, "I am here; and you had better be somewhere else." MARMITON.

THE SICK MAN OF THE FAR EAST.

WHAT CHINA IS: AND WHAT SHE MAY BECOME.

China is to the Far East to-day what Egypt has been to Europe in the past—the land of romance and mysticism, a sop to the sorrows of historians, and a spur to the necessities of imagination. Too remote to be patronised by tourists, sufficiently near to be mentally conceived, it has been to the past generation a pitting-ground for the diplomatic supercheries of the Powers. The Concert plays the devil in Crete, and the Sultan applauds the *brutum fulmen*. China would appreciate the

Western fanfaronade if she could be preserved from contact with the performers. She needs only to be left alone. That is the dominant note in the decay which is so pregnant with possibilities—if she may save herself from her friends! China possessed the principles of Imperial dignity when Europe represented barbarism, and, in consequence, she resents the cut-and-dried policy of the Western incubus. Her experience took root in distant ranges, where time is counted by millenniums and centuries are forsaken. Her antiquity is a glorious Empire against which the experiments of passing monarchies have availed nothing.

The aggressions of the Powers upon the integrity of China pro-

the phantasms which the idea of China has conjured to the mind have been endowed with such vitality that comparison establishes an impossible travesty. The Chinese are hopeless, but their signal state originates a genuine fascination. They meander across scenes that are replete with personal interest, and they show no comprehension. They do not care, they do not think. The Chinaman is content when he exists, and his existence is so quaint that it impels one to caress him when he should be roused. He is indifferent to Europeans because he finds no use for them, save where they are disturbing factors in his life, and then he hates them. His cupidity is only the cunning of a mind that never exerts itself unless to suit a purpose of its own. It is the prehistoric composition of race, and is no mean part of the elemental naturalism of barbarians. It is customary to consider the character of a Chinaman complex, whereas it is absurdly simple. He mistrusts where he does not understand, and he dissimulates because the sentiment of the one is the initiative of the other. A party of surveyors, when in Shansi

lately, wished to compromise with time and energy by taking a short cut of six hours over the ranges in preference to a detour of sixteen days. The Chinamen knew no such cut, but the survey party returned by the mountain-path. The punishment of the natives was to be photographed as the "longest liars in China." They were suspicious, and left Time to baulk what they themselves could not understand in the designs of the "foreign devils." The Chinaman in China has little resemblance to the cross-breeds that are found in Australia, New Zealand, America, or anywhere. The Chinese servant abroad eliminates the picturesqueness from his character for the deleterious substitution of the conglomerated vices of civilisation. He is an admirable laundryman in America, a painstaking market-gardener in Australasia, and an expert thief everywhere. In China, if his objections are removed, he makes an industrious but dirty retainer. Treated decently, his character registers a vague probity which exerts itself to the benefit of his master against the crowd, and his attitude towards the



UPPER-CLASS NATIVES.

more internal dissensions, which are accepted as premonitions of the end. This may be, but it is the Powers who have quickened disaster. If they would confine their interest by the boundaries of the Ural Mountains, enough would manifest itself in Europe to occupy their law-disturbing proclivities for the nonce, while the future was left to the exigencies of the moment. China is jealous of the unnecessary and unreliable attention of her foreign advisers, but she is powerless to extricate herself from the press of their manoeuvres. The spectacle of a kingdom falling away from its historical splendour is not confined to the Far East. There is Portugal, and even China has heard rumours of a protectorate. There is also Spain: twin constellations of ephemeral and romantic delights, displaying the *mise-en-scène* of China's tragedy. China quartered to the pleasure of Russia, Germany, France, and Britain, would exhibit a parallel absurdity to America in Egypt. The impotence of the Pyramids is becoming rapidly evident. Cook has given to wretched tourists the power to lunch within the shade of the mighty Cheops, and the faculty of sensation is so dead that the diners dine there delectatiously. Is there



A FALCONER.



FOUR-HORNED SHEEP (MANCHURIA).

anything more solemn than the Sphinx? Could there be anything more incongruous than the feeding trippers?

To travel through China, even as China is to-day, is as the passing of a critic through a fairy-tale. There are uses for the pruning-knife, but the subtle delicacy of the *locale* impregnates the mind in such a way as to render excision impossible. There is infinite wealth of colour in the gorgeous background, and infinite disappointment. The people in



DANCING-GIRLS.

caravan, or household to which he is attached, discloses a like amenability to superior influences to that which is constitutional among most native races.

The untutored native in China, more particularly where Europeans are scarce, takes himself very seriously. The origin of this may be attributed to the written doctrines of Confucius. That philosopher maintains such a standard of filial excellence that the sense of

responsibility, which his famous maxims convey, completely dominates his disciples. The Chinaman assumes matrimony with laborious intensity, and even his babies are prodigies of gravity; so much depends upon their smile that it is attended almost with serious consequences. A Chinese baby, as such, never frivols—that is permitted only when she has achieved that pinnacle of immorality which is the

with an immense field for organisation. They can be made capable, and time will show whether, once appreciative of their own formidableness, they will summon up courage to wrest their land from the hands of the greedy usurpers.

In the same way that evolution in travel has given Egypt a fatal proximity to Europe, the Concert in the Far East will bereft China of



INNKEEPER AND FAMILY.

distinguishing feature of the dancing-girl. The dancing-girl frivols, and her frivolity is but the thin disguise of those women who, while not of easy virtue, are not difficult to approach. At the inn, when a traveller arrives, she is pushed forward, but her beauty is unhappily not of that high order which pays a compliment by reason of its presence. From



CORNER OF PEKIN WALL.

her more intimate idiosyncrasies. Peking clean! Peking, that acquires its quaintness from the dirt of its four cities; the cesspools, which the summer rains and the habits of the people make in the roads, cleaned and levelled; its social indecencies reduced to discretion, its deserted places built over; drink, gaming, women, smells, Europeanised.



SHANSI MINER.

Peking, where the smells come from, to Si-An-Fu, whence they spread themselves over Europe, from the new order back to the old, the pity is that the morality of the country is so susceptible. There is a self-sufficiency about these particles of Chinese life that is singularly human. The soldier, with his length of gas-pipe, is the embodiment



CHINESE GUIDES ("THE LIARS")

Requiescat in pace, Peking! If there be a city which is ideal so long as it remains essentially native, it is Peking. It is the city of China *par excellence* as China in the past has been. In its air, in its dress, in its walls, in its multifarious types, in its absolute obsolescence, in its crushing antiquity, in every one of its many integral characteristics, it will suffer



A NOTED PIGEON-SHOT.



DEFENDERS OF AN EMPIRE.

of that dignity which considers itself the protector of an Empire. These martial ciphers are merely emblematic, and, for practical purposes, they have been too long in idleness. If they were properly drilled and equipped, there is scope in their physical development for obtaining the nucleus of an army. Whatever Power protects China eventually, the military rabble throughout its Empire will provide her

complete ruin by the change. No city in the East predominates the imagination as Peking, no smells impress themselves upon the senses as those of Peking. It has a strange, inspiring personality. It is a national note set in a full glory, and before the city wall and within the city precincts there is that semblance of dignity which was crowned Imperial when Europe was a wilderness. J. ANGUS HAMILTON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Verse-writers are not wanting, as a rule, in esteem for their calling. He is no general echo who says—

I would not, if I could, be called a poet;
I have no natural love of the "chaste Muse."
If aught be worth the doing I would do it;
And others, if they will, may tell the news.
I care not for their laurels, but would choose
On the world's field to fight or fall or run.
My soul's ambition will not take excuse
To play the dial rather than the sun.

This haughty yet this excellent verse-writer is Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. If he despise the craft which he learnt and practised in, shall we say, the idle moments of his life, his skill is not despised by able and fastidious critics. Perhaps it is his note of delight in action, his refusal to be



MR. BLUNT'S SUSSEX SEAT, CRABBET PARK.

considered as a mere writing person, that have chiefly won him the favour of Mr. Henley, who, with Mr. George Wyndham, has issued a selection from Mr. Blunt's poetry. It is certainly an exaggeration to say, as does Mr. Henley in the preface, that he "has put more of himself and his sole experience into his verse than any writer of his time." But when "a country gentleman, who is also a person in society," is likewise a traveller, a man of adventure, and a poet, the combination is strikingly interesting, more interesting than the equipment of any mere literary poet who does not belong to the higher ranks. "He comes, in fact," says Mr. Henley, "through Owen Meredith, straight from the Byron of 'Don Juan,' and, to my mind, he is far and away the strongest of the whole descent."

Mr. Blunt has sent out several volumes of verse, but he has never sought for popularity, "I care not for their laurels" being no empty words. Many readers will, therefore, make his acquaintance for the first time, and those who do so will probably agree with Mr. Henley that nearly all the volume contains is alive, though a good deal of it is indifferent poetry. They will find a novel in verse, "Griselda," where the sentimental man of the world is uppermost. They will find pieces like "Worth Forest," rambling and shapeless, of a genuine sincerity and Wordsworthian inspiration. They will find experiments in verse-forms, imitations from the Arabic; and, best of all, the "Love Sonnets of Proteus," which his editor calls "the truest and sincerest revelation done in these times of the emotions peculiar to men's youth." Other lyrics scattered about through the volume are exquisitely beautiful in feeling, and as finely wrought as if all Mr. Blunt's ambitions had been centred in verse-making. "In the Night" is one of the great love-poems of the language. Passion and tenderness are equal in it—

I hold the night
Caught in my arms, and yet thou art not there.
Where art thou? What if I should strike a light
So suddenly that thou couldst never steal
Back to thy shadows? What if I should find
Thee standing close to me with all thy hair
Trailing about me and thy eyes grown blind
With looking at me vainly through the night?

There, after all, Mr. Blunt is at his best, where he is expressing the experiences common to all true poets, and not when he is reflecting any one of his several rôles—sportsman, traveller, or man of society. He is, in fact, two persons in his verse: the man of action, articulate about his activities, and the genuine poet. Both have talent, and one has power.

"Mr." Sydney Grier continues the romance of the Balkan State of Thracia. "An Uncrowned King" is followed by "A Crowned Queen" (Blackwood). Readers of the former may remember that Caerleon, who for a time filled the very unenviable post of ruler in the little East-European kingdom, retired to his Welsh estates with his very worthy and most unsympathetic wife Nadia, and played the country gentleman to perfection. He did not envy his successor, Otto Georg. But he had left behind him his brother Cyril, a man of a very different type, to whom the game of politics was the only game in the world worth playing. Not for him a tame, safe seat in the English House; nor would he be any irresponsible hanger-on to the big Embassies. He would pull strings himself; would intrigue and scheme, as to the

manner born. Well, he had his fill of it. The King, whose right-hand man he was, died, leaving him guardian of a baby son, and protector of a headstrong young widow who detested him. There were conspiracies everywhere and of every kind. But he kept his head—all the better that he was not weighted with an overload of sentiment.

The sequel is really the better book of the two. Caerleon, in "An Uncrowned King," had always too much the air of the respectable, newly washed English tourist. But Cyril does not seem out of place in the nest of Eastern intriguers. And there is one delightful bit of romance, when the Queen has to flee, under the protection of her detested Minister—whom she learns to love, nevertheless, while they are fugitives in woods and dark hiding-places. Of course, he is worsted in the political game in the end, being, after all, a mere Englishman. But he has had a good time of scheming, and had great chances. Looking back at the story, it is difficult to say whether the Queen in the beginning or her Minister in the end is the more disagreeable. The captious, ignorant, shrewish little schoolgirl is entirely unattractive, but she has a heart. The cynical, conceited politician, who outrages the humbled and adoring Queen, because his advice has not been followed, and who leaves her with a sneer for remembrance, is loathsome. Indeed, "Mr." Grier has a rare, perhaps an unconscious talent for inventing unsympathetic personages. "A Crowned Queen" is a clever and entertaining story; but let it have no sequel, for to meet Cyril again would be an unpleasant episode.

The defeat of the Kailyard School is avenged. The name of Scotland, we were told, stank in the nostrils of the refined and cultivated reader. Any word of its many dialects was an offence to his ear. Were it not for the grouse, the last two tourist seasons would have ruined the Northern railway companies. And now comes a fair American, with the courage of her country and her sex, and presents, for the confusion of the poor, fastidious South Briton, "Penelope's Experiences in Scotland" (Gay and Bird). Penelope is an old friend, reintroduced to us by that delightful and witty writer for young people of all ages, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin. Penelope was in Scotland a year or two ago, and continued during her stay there in a state of very exalted but also graceful intoxication. It is a very heady book. There is not a sober word in it. To read it is to have the sensation of being present at a Burns celebration. Every inhabitant of the northern half of the island was either tremendously gifted, or beautifully romantic, or gloriously hospitable, or, at least, extraordinarily amusing. Now some kind of right appreciation has been reached at last, not by jealous Southern neighbours, of course, but by a daughter of the free, unfettered, magnanimous West. The pages ring with ballads and songs. Mere prose is quite inadequate to express what the heart feels in a land so full of colour and romance and intellect. Penelope bursts into rhyme herself—

Yon bonnie plaid about me hap, The skirlin' pipes gae bring; With thistles fair tie up my hair, While I of Scotia sing.	The 'Stabished, Free, an' U.P. Kirks, The hait convinced o' sin; The parritch an' the heather-bell, The snawdrap an' the shaw, The bit lam's bleatin' on the braces— How can I leave them a'!
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If it be remarked in surly fashion that Scotland is welcome to such burlesque enthusiasm, let us say that the excited ballad from which I have made the extract is only an instance of the ribaldry which an excess of genuine feeling often brings. Scotland is avenged; there is no doubt of it. But to English readers, sore and hurt that no American or colonist writes an intoxicated book about Manchester or Margate, one should say that, if they will consent not to take Penelope's eulogies too seriously, her "Experiences in Scotland" may be recommended as one of the very best holiday-books to be had at this moment. Half its secret is just that the spirit of holiday is scampering about it in a wild, youthful, irresponsible fashion. The fun rings true, and the love-stories are of that wholesome, cheerful, humanly interesting kind that Mrs. Wiggin knows so well how to weave.

Mrs. Oliphant easily maintains her place among the story-writers. The specimens of her work which have been published since her death have much of the vigour, the strong, direct human interest of her early work. Their humour, their kindness, their grit, are individual qualities which no craftsmanship, no ideal of style, can reach to, or make up for, if they be wanting. "That Little Cutty," which Messrs. Macmillan have just issued, contain three stories that do honour to her memory. One of them is a study of the selfishness of intense love in the young. Another, "Dr. Barrère," is a tale of how science, logic, and humanity combined, led a man to a fatal mistake, which he had escaped with a little less of fine feeling, of knowledge, and of consistency. Be not over-wise, or over-logical, may be the moral; but the tale is told in sympathy.

Another Scottish writer whom we have heard from seldom of late, Miss Sarah Tytler, has lately proved how vital are her energies still and how firm her hand. Indeed, one must go a long way back in her work to find anything so vigorous, so well-knit together as the story to which she has given the strange name of "Mrs. Carmichael's Goddesses" (Chatto). The scene is laid in Dundee in the early part of the present century, and there are portraits in it of Scottish men and women of the old and the sterner school that need not fear to be compared with the best of their kind. An austere, strong-natured, and practical woman is shown as the mother of a loose-living, weak, idle, and attractive son. The story of their relations is a masterpiece. Too strong to approve, the woman is also too generous to condemn. Severity and magnanimity are equally native to her understanding nature, and magnanimity is always uppermost in the sore-beset moments of life.



MISS MURIEL CARR.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

AN INTERVIEW WITH AN OLD RAZOR.

I found it lying, apparently neglected, in the corner of a drawer.

"You hardly seem in flourishing circumstances. To what do you attribute your—your rusty condition?"

"Mostly to pride."

"Pride? That is a very singular statement."

"Well, I considered that my owner did not treat me with proper respect, so the next time we met I eat him."

"Perhaps you feel that you are now reaping the results of your folly?"

"Reaping! Is thy servant a scythe that you should talk of reaping?"

And I fancied that the razor ground its edge with indignation.

"I apologise—I did not suppose you had anything to do with corn-cutting. By the way, what have been your most thrilling experiences?"

"I have been partially swallowed by a baby. I have also been photographed in my case by the X-rays."



THE CHURCH CAT.

1. Puss is appointed to a living worth a thousand mice a-year, and extras in the form of sundry skewers of cat's-meat and saucers of milk. 2. His responsibilities sometimes compel him to act as overseer to the organist. 3. Who, however, has a mean way of taking his revenge. 4. He knows the Wedding March by heart, and heads the happy couple down the aisle. 5. He hears sundry rumours concerning his retirement, but, of course, it is not to his taste. 6. Once the church clock ran down, says tradition, and our friend counted the hours and tolled the church-clock bell. 7. And he scores the number of christenings by way of record upon the church pews. 8. "Do I enjoy life? Well, what do you think?"

"Dead?"

"Not exactly; but he felt decidedly hurt?"

"Did he remonstrate?"

"It would grieve me to repeat the language he used; but I was a match for him. Latterly I have prided myself on my bluntness, and am sure that I made him wince."

"Was it then that you gave up shaving?"

"Yes, I was forcibly retired, without a pension. Still, I am not so keen on shaving as I was when younger."

"As an ex-razor, I presume; but there is nothing very thrilling about it. Have you not something more exciting to tell me?"

"Once, a foolish young fellow, who had been crossed in love, surreptitiously borrowed me. He carefully felt my edge, stropped me to a nicety, and then —"

"Then what?"

"Shut me up! And if you will be so exceedingly kind as to take the hint, I shall feel very much obliged."

And the razor shut up.

FRED EDMONDS.

THE BLOODHOUND AS A MAN-HUNTER.

The trials in man-hunting by means of bloodhounds were held yesterday week on Brow Moor, which overlooks Robin Hood's Bay, near Scarborough. The spot was appropriate, inasmuch as the neighbouring bay is said to have sheltered the bold outlaw whose predatory descendants are the chief people for whose benefit the bloodhound trials were organised.

The experiments were promoted by the Association of Bloodhound Breeders, and many leading sportsmen were present from various



MR. AND MRS. OLIPHANT WITH THEIR PRIZE-WINNERS.

parts of England. Altogether, about a hundred and fifty persons were conveyed by special train from Scarborough. Early in the morning, on the trial-ground, Mr. Edgar Farman, of Walbrook, London, the honorary secretary of the Association, received a kick from a horse, which fractured his leg in two places, and he had to be conveyed to the residence of Mr. Brough, president of the Association. Chief Detective Douglas came from Glasgow to see the demonstrations, and the Chief Constables of Hartlepool, Scarborough, and Claekinnaman were also present. Lord Lonsdale was not able to attend, and in his lordship's absence the judging was performed by Sir Charles Legard, who, at the close of the trials, declared that what he had seen confirmed his belief in the utility of the bloodhound for tracking criminals or poachers in country districts.



MR. J. KIDD'S HOUND KICKSHAW, WINNER OF THIRD PRIZE.

The course was rather short, not more than a thousand yards. It was, however, a pity that longer courses were not used, for the ground lent to the Association was quite five miles in area, and in that case satisfaction would have been more general. Still, most convincing testimony was afforded that bloodhounds can be readily trained to hunt the clean boot.

THE MUTILATION OF ANIMALS.

If anybody is inclined to doubt the necessity for such a pamphlet as a recent publication of Messrs. Bell and Sons, "The Wanton Mutilation of Animals," by George Fleming, C.B., F.R.C.V.S., once Principal Veterinary Surgeon to the Army, published for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, let him read it, and then, with eyes judiciously opened, proceed along a thoroughfare for a mile or so. If his experience is mine, he will not come across more than six horses whose tails are in the state that Nature meant them to be, and he will be



WATCHING THE SINGLE DOG TRIAL.

horrified to think that he has so long been blind to this particular form of cruelty going on in our midst. Happily for human nature, I am sure that ignorance is at the bottom of much seeming indifference to the sufferings of the animal world.

Unhappily, ignorance is rampant in the land, and only indifference is more dangerous. Fashion, too, goes hand-in-hand with them for the nonce, and, in the clutches of three such Fates, poor speechless beasts do badly. All the more need for such powerful indictments as Mr. Fleming's. Whether the practice of mutilation will ever be so stringently dealt with in England as in the States—in Massachusetts, for instance, it is to render one liable to a year's imprisonment or a substantial fine—is doubtful. It is more likely that it will be gradually put down by the



MR. FARMAN, HON. SEC. OF THE ASSOCIATION OF BLOODHOUND BREEDERS

various societies moving in the matter. Another powerful lever would be if the fashionable clubs—such as Hurlingham and Ranelagh—could be induced to make it a disqualification for their horse and pony shows. The Kennel Clubs have bestirred themselves for the benefit of dogs, and the Hunters' Improvement Society have enacted that yearling foals shall be shown undocked.

GOLF.

Remarkable golf was played in the final match in the professional tournament held by the County Down Golf Club. Well might the members of the club boast of their green at Newcastle, which the professionals declared to be one of the best in the United Kingdom, and



KIRKALDY AND FERNIE PUTTING ON THE FOURTH GREEN.

Photo by James McCleery.

the captain (Mr. Hoey) might well be excused for saying that the match was one of the most remarkable that had ever been witnessed in any country. If this was exaggeration, the exaggeration was pardonable. The play was really wonderful. In a match of 36 holes, that brilliant golfer, J. H. Taylor, was beaten by Vardon, the open champion, by 12 up and 11 to play. That is to say, the game was over at the twenty-fifth hole—or, to be more precise, at the seventh hole on the second round. It will at once be seen that Vardon was in splendid form. Indeed, he broke the record both for the first nine holes and for the whole course. The record for the first nine holes was 33; Vardon did them in 32. For a couple of years the record for the whole course had been 74; Vardon went round in 71. A long time, in all probability, will elapse before this new record is beaten. Vardon drove with great power and accuracy, and his play on the green was perfect, his long putts exciting much admiration. It has been said that Taylor, although badly beaten, played "all he knew." Luck, however, was against him several times, fine putts landing within an inch or two of the hole. After the match for the tournament had been decided, Vardon and Taylor played the remaining eleven holes for a prize of £5, offered by the club. This was won by Taylor by 2 up. He had never been on an Irish green before, but this is not likely to be his last visit. Countess Annesley, who presented the prizes, and who takes great interest in the game, although she does not play herself, gave the professionals a cordial welcome.

"Alice in Dreamland," an operetta for girls' voices, the music by C. Hutchins Lewis, the words by James Watson, is a very pleasant and agreeable little work in which the ideal beauty and joy of being an English girl is emphasised as a moral that must never be forgotten. In his subtle way, Lewis Carroll hinted at the same thing in his "Alice," which resembles it so closely in title. The music of the operetta is pretty, and the language throughout is simple and concise.



VARDON AND PULFORD PUTTING ON THE NINTH GREEN.

Photo by James McCleery.

AT THE JARGON OPERA.

Outside the entrance to the Standard-Theatre two huge posters stood under the full light of the gas. Their contents were extracts from Press opinions speaking in praise of the Yiddish or Jargon plays presented by Mr. Schaffer's Hebrew Operatic and Dramatic Company. A small crowd assembled, some people went towards the box-office, others put their hands in empty pockets, looked for a moment towards the vestibule, and hurried on. Bishopsgate by night is not a wealthy thoroughfare. The attraction for the evening was Grand Opera; the favourite "Bar-Cochba," by Goldfaden and Professor Staub, was to be presented on the scale of magnificence peculiar to Jargon opera. It is probably unnecessary to remind readers that Bar-Cochba (Hebrew: Son of the Star) was the brave Jew who led the revolt against Rome after the destruction of Jerusalem. His power was, after a long struggle, crushed by the Emperor Hadrian.

I was anxious to see the performance, and was lucky in having the company of a man who understands the mixture of German and Hebrew called Jargon or Yiddish. So we made our way to a box in time for the spirited overture, and found the house fairly filled with an audience almost entirely Jewish. Men and women were coming in from their labours in factory and workshop; some brought children with them; in the upper parts of the house every man knew his neighbour, or did not wait for an introduction to make his acquaintance. The performers were largely recruited from the East End, and thus the *entente* between the stage and auditorium was complete. The curtain rose upon a scene giving the interior of a synagogue on occasion of the Black Fast—that is, the anniversary of the destruction of the Temple. The head priest wore his robes. He appeared as a venerable man, with snow-white hair and beard; he sang to some old tune still used on this day. Instantly the attention of the audience was gripped, the feigned emotion of the stage found an echo of real emotion in the house. In grief-stricken tones the priest told of the fall of Israel, the destruction of the Temple, the dispersion of the people, and as he did so men and women wept. Then Bar-Cochba, who sat among the worshippers, rose and took a solemn oath to free his people from the hated Roman yoke, the tears merged into cheers, and the first act was over.

When the curtain rose again the mood was changed. We learnt that Bar-Cochba loved the old Rabbi's daughter, and that he had a rival, the villain of the piece, one Parpus by name. Not a melodramatic villain, be it said; not a man who should fret and fume and mutter in Yiddish "The day will come," &c., after the manner of his Adelphi brethren. The villain of this piece was a pedlar who sang topical songs in Jargon, and sent the house into roars of laughter. Apparently he travelled in jewellery, since he offered precious ornaments to the Rabbi's daughter, and she trampled on them, much to his disgust. Unfortunately, I lost all the point of the songs, and the translations of my friend fell flat. However, the villain went to the Prefect and gave Bar-Cochba away. The Prefect ordered the valiant rebel to be brought into his presence, loaded with chains, and accompanied by the Rabbi and his daughter. Bar-Cochba relieved his feelings by a song, snapped his chains in halves, overcame the guards, and went off to complete his rebellion, to the indignation of the Prefect and chagrin of the pedlar villain. No section of the audience resented the incongruities. When Parpus sang up-to-date songs about Brummagem jewellery they rocked with laughter; when he chaffed the Prefect they entered into the spirit of the fun; the challenge of Bar-Cochba thrilled them; the grief of the aged Rabbi, together with his arrest, affected them deeply. No dramatist could desire a more responsive audience, and yet it did not lack intelligence. Between the acts I went to the lounge and saw all the rising young "intellectuals" of the East. Dramatists, journalists, musicians were very much in evidence—men who speak several languages, have suffered persecution in Russia or elsewhere, who have distinct talent and capacity for hard and sustained work. They discussed matters of local and universal interest with a grip of the subjects that showed a keen intelligence. European politics, Zionism, the Dreyfus case, last night's play and to-morrow's—every point offered opportunities for debate. I met M. Racow, the young dramatist who wrote the dramas "Zola" and "Captain Dreyfus." He has written more than a dozen plays, can act, prompt, play, interpret. Competition is keen, prices are low, patrons are poor; he must work very hard who would draw a living wage from the East by means of his pen.

מיטוואך 10 אויגוסט
דאס בערלינער אפערא
בר כוכבא
פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין
מיוון פערשעל ביי פראם. שטייב

בר כוכבא	פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין
עליאזר הרב	פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין
רבי'ס טאכטער	פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין
מורדעס רובין	פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין
פערשעל'ס זון פאר	פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין
רבי'ס טאכטער	פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין
אויפ'ס פערד פארשטעל	פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין
עקובא	פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין
פארשטעל	פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין

דאס בערלינער אפערא 11 אויגוסט, קאמפאניאן דרייפוס, מיליטערי דראמא
פארשטעלונג פון נאחמדין, אפערא פון נאחמדין, דראמא פון נאחמדין
שטוב בייבאן 13-סטען אויגוסט, זאלאם מיטשעל, דראמא פון נאחמדין
שטוב אבער 13-סטען אויגוסט, פיינעלע, נייט דראמא פון נאחמדין.

PROGRAMME: HEBREW LETTERS, ENGLISH WORDS.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: Wednesday, Oct. 12, 6.11; Thursday, 6.9; Friday, 6.7; Saturday, 6.5; Sunday, 6.3; Monday, 6.1; Tuesday, 5.59.

When you come to think of it, Tod Sloan's method of race-riding is practically upon a par with the "scorchier's" style of cycling. Have you ever, my cycling reader, while coasting against a head-wind at a steady pace down a regular incline, suddenly abandoned the upright position and assumed the "crouching-frog" attitude? Or have you ever, while cycling against the wind, even stooped quickly? If you have not done so, do so when next you think of it, by way of an experiment, and you will be astonished at the way in which your machine will immediately shoot forward and then continue to increase its speed, exactly as it would do if you were abruptly to release the brake-lever during a run down a steep hill. Until a man becomes a cyclist he has no idea of the force of the opposition caused by even a slight head-wind, or, say, by a stiff breeze blowing across the machine. Now, by crouching, as Sloan does on a horse, and as so many jockeys do in America, especially in the Western States of America, the area of wind-surface, if I may so term it, that is avoided is enormous. That the attitude of a rider crouching on either a horse or a bicycle is a hideous one, I admit; but, then, so is the attitude, also introduced from America and now largely adopted by many of the

undergoing repairs, which, I may mention, they sorely needed. On two occasions a barrier was placed, after dark, right across roads along which there was temporarily no thoroughfare, and in the middle of this barrier was hung a tiny lamp which, from a distance, exactly resembled a bicycle-lamp. Many of the cyclists who came along this road at night, being unable to see the bar, naturally ran into it, and several of these riders, I understand, are still feeling the effects of their injuries. A similar act of imbecility, so I am told, was committed lately in the Marlborough Road, Putney, and in two nights no less than ten riders were more or less injured by colliding with the invisible bar. It has been insinuated more than once that the would-be wrecker of trains on the Midland Railway must be a dangerous lunatic. One cannot help wondering whether certain members of a certain body of—but there, I must not commit myself. As an Irishman said once, however, "uneasy sits the head that is cloaked in the jacket of authority; and if the cap fits, there let it lie."

It will be a matter for congratulation when the legal functionaries finally decide what is meant by "one hour after sunset." A test case was recently tried at Bristol, when a cyclist was fined five shillings and costs for riding his machine without a light at 8.15, when, according to Greenwich time, the hour had expired at 8.13. Bristol being nearly two and a-half degrees west of Greenwich, the local lighting-up time would have been 8.20; but the magistrates decided that the Definition of Time Act applied to the case, and that cycles and other vehicles must show their lights one hour after the sun has set at Greenwich.

The C.T.C. defended the case, and they have appealed to a higher court. The result of the appeal will be awaited with much interest. Should the decision of the Bristol magistrates be upheld, we shall be confronted with the anomaly of a cyclist in the North of Scotland, for example, being compelled to light his lamp when the sun is still above the horizon. Such an interpretation of the law would be ridiculous. In alluding, a few months ago, to a case brought before the Police Court at Wick, I suggested that the matter might reasonably be left to the common-sense of the magistrates; but if the higher court rules that Greenwich time must be held to apply universally throughout the kingdom, the justices will be compelled to put their common-sense in their pockets, and declare that, though the setting sun is still shining on their silvery locks, according to the Act of Parliament it must be considered to have set an hour ago!

If Frenchmen were beaten by Germans, a Frenchwoman has invaded Berlin (on a bicycle), and defeated damsels of Deutschland in a three-thousand-mètre race.

During the races there were several events for ladies only, in which England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Russia were well represented, but the Parisiennes were undoubtedly the best riders on the whole.

According to the cycling correspondent of the *Queen*, a gentleman was descending a steep hill, at the bottom of which was a bridge, and on the bridge two carts. In order to avoid them he went on his wrong side, but, colliding with the parapet, he was hurled, machine and all, a distance of twenty-five feet into the river below. The river was shallow, and the bottom soft mud and sand. Recovering from his surprise, he quickly picked himself and his machine from their watery bed, and, finding no damage done to either, he remounted and rode upon his way.

For some years the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre has remained unchanged, and its appearance with the tread waved in a kind of basket-work pattern, according to the Welch patent, is perfectly familiar to every cyclist. This year, however, the Dunlop Company are putting a new and improved tyre on the market, called the "Multiflex." The principal improvement lies in the greater flexibility of the wire. This is so soft that the tyre, when taken off the wheel, can be doubled up in the hands, and it is needless to say that this greater flexibility renders the troublesome business of detachment far easier of accomplishment. The corrugation of the tread has also been entirely altered. The Welch design is still retained, but very much reduced in size. It forms a band down the centre of the tread, while on each side the rubber is raised in a double line of longitudinal flutings. This fluting is intended to catch the ground when the wheel is turning, and should do something to lessen the danger of "skidding." The rim is narrower than the old rim, but with a deeper central ridge. Experience only can show the practical advantages of the new tyre, but there can be no doubt that, if artistic appearance is considered, it is a great improvement on its predecessors.



INTERNATIONAL WOMEN'S RACE AT BERLIN.

best game-shots and pigeon-shots in England, of the gunner who places his left hand so far up the barrels of his gun that his fingers come almost within a few inches of the muzzles. When first this way of holding a shot-gun began to come into vogue over here, shooting-men of the old school laughed it to scorn, and tried to turn into ridicule all who adopted it. Very soon, however, they found that, by holding the gun thus, they increased their average score of kills by at least thirty or forty per cent., and now it is seldom that one meets a crack game-shot or pigeon-shot who handles his weapons in any other way. To return, however, to the subject of attitudes in the saddle. Only about a year ago a well-known American bicycle manufacturer patented and brought out what he called a "Racing Machine." This machine was built on the lines of a cycle, inasmuch as it had ball-bearings, pneumatic tyres, and so forth; but in order to ride it—or rather, to work it—the operator was obliged to lie flat upon his chest on a narrow strip of aluminium barely six feet in length. The inventor maintained—rightly, no doubt—that a human body so placed would receive practically no resistance whatsoever from the wind; that, indeed, the said body would pierce the atmosphere after the manner of a bullet shot from a gun. His theory was, and is, of course, an excellent one; but I dread to think what would happen to pedestrians if a few of our Metropolitan "scorching" friends were to obtain possession of, say, half-a-dozen of these terrible engines of destruction. Truly the mere sight of six human projectiles whistling down the Strand would be apt to strike terror into the breasts of even the most callous of men and women walking on the streets.

Assuredly something ought to be done to prevent the authorities who control the thoroughfares in the North-West of London from allowing death-traps to be left open for cyclists to ride into during the night. Several roads and streets in the North-West district have lately been

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

There is very likely to be a good representative field for the Cesarewitch after all, but I cannot bring myself to believe that more than half the horses engaged will be able to stay beyond the Bushes, as the state of the ground of late has been all against the proper training of animals for long-distance engagements. The people down Lewes way think that



CYLLENE, THE WINNER OF THE JOCKEY CLUB STAKES, VALUE £10,000.

Up Guards has a great chance, but he is, seemingly, held safe on the book by Merman, who finished a respectable fourth in the Chester Cup. Herminius must run well, as he is said to be trained to the hour, but I am told that King Crow is likely to do better in the Manchester November Handicap. Chaleureux, who was once the property of a well-known sporting journalist, is much liked at Newmarket. For the actual winner I shall take Asterie, who has been saved for this event.

The Turf Senators are determined to encourage long-distance racing, and we may yet see many interesting races over a mile and a-half. The five-furlong spurts may be good fun for the jockeys and profitable to the bookmakers, but many of these events bring disaster to backers, and they provide very little fun to those who enjoy racing as a sport. On the other hand, long-distance races can be appreciated by all except the start poachers, who, in these events at least, will find their level.

If the Jockey Club decide that long-distance races must be held at all meetings, it will give many jockeys who now begin too slowly in five-furlong spurts a chance to shine. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that judgment and skill are required just as much in a long-distance race as in a five-furlong event. But Sloan has taught us that the proper place to wait is in front. He has also proved that, in dealing with a bad-tempered horse, it pays better to let him go at his own pace and in his own style than it does to be always taking a pull at him with a view to a wild, mad, and possibly unsuccessful rush at the finish.

For years I have noticed that more close finishes take place in the North of England than in the South. Where one event is won by a head only in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis, a dozen are chronicled north of the Trent, and the reason I cannot find out. Possibly the horses in the North are ridden out to the bitter end, or it may be that the handicaps are better made. Anyway, the fact remains that Northern sportsmen see closer finishes than are to be witnessed at South Country meetings. Probably this will account for the resolute finishes many of the North Country jockeys ride when compared with those of some of the Newmarket lads.

I understand that an attempt will be made to establish a race-meeting at Laindon, in Essex; the place is situated close to Southend, and it could be easily reached from Newmarket. But there may be some little difficulty in obtaining the Jockey Club's permit, in which case, I believe, fixtures would be arranged under National Hunt Rules. Already several little Hunt fixtures take place in Essex, so that runners ought to be found close at hand for the proposed meeting, which is, I believe, favoured by a Peer of the Realm. If the bill-of-fare is good, a big attendance is assured, for quite twenty thousand people attend the little meeting which is held annually at Harlow.

There has been a great deal of sickness in the Newmarket stables, and some trainers think their horses catch fevers and other contagious complaints while travelling by train. It behoves owners to have horse-boxes made for the use of their own horses, and to see that they are

kept properly disinfected. Further, I think that the Jockey Club should pass a law to prevent any horses trained in a stable that is known to possess any contagious disease from running at any meeting or travelling by train. This, at any rate, would stop the spread of fevers and other catching ailments that racehorses are liable to. Of course, it is not always possible to detect the presence of an ailment until it has become developed, but the suggestion I have made would save many trainers a lot of trouble.

Some of the touts at several of the country training-quarters want waking up. The sporting public are not kept so well informed with the doings of certain horses as they should be. I am told that village blacksmiths, and even village schoolmasters, are requisitioned to send off the work to certain papers, and it can be taken for granted that some of the intelligence printed is collected at the village pub. However, a blacksmith is a useful tout, for he is likely to know when a horse is going to run, as he is possibly the very man who is called in to put the plates on.

I am told that one or two owners will change their jockeys next year. I could never see the utility of heavy retainers to jockeys. In fact, if the whole thing were disallowed, we should, I think, get a better average of riders, as those who are now highly paid would have to work harder for their money, and those who now get little patronage would then come in for a fair share of the spoils. One thing is certain: if there were no betting on horse-races, there would be no jockey retainers. If stables were allowed only to have authority over apprentices, these boys would be taught a great deal better than they are at present.

The badge system as adopted at Newmarket should be utilised at all race-meetings. It is a nuisance to have to ask the boys in the paddock what horses they are leading round, and it is so easy to locate the arrival by referring to the number on the lad's armband. I wonder the Jockey Club do not compel all Clerks of Courses to adopt this system. Further, the lads ought to be at the horses' heads when they walk past the stands previous to the preliminary canter. Old racing hands are good at distinguishing colours, but, for the benefit of the amateurs, the badge system ought to be persevered with to the extent which I have named.

CAPTAIN COE.

THE BEST BOXERS IN THE ARMY.

This year's competition has decided that Second-Lieutenant R. H. Miers is the best middle-weight boxing officer in the Army. Standing beside him in the accompanying photograph is Lieutenant Horne, who heads the light-weight men.



SECOND-LIEUTENANT R. H. MIERS AND LIEUTENANT HORNE.

Photo by Knight, Aldershot.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Some years ago, say, two dozen or thereabouts, before Society was so extremely all-embracing as at present, it became quite fashionable amongst a certain set to be poor, and was considered almost a distinction to be in difficulties. That was in the days when the rich shopkeeper



[Copyright.]

MUSLIN AND LACE.

first began to outgrow the Clapham of retired retail respectability, and to yearn after the unknown Olympian heights of Kensington tea-parties. Now, however, that everything has been turned absolutely upside down, that smart people have gone shopkeeping, and one-time legitimate tradesmen have taken to burlesquing legitimate country gentlemen, the spirit of practical economies has descended upon this practical generation. Cause is condoned by the virtue of its effects, and we may draw our shekels from the most unpractical, not to say prosaic, fountain-head, provided only they are abundantly forthcoming from the particular laboratory in question. Extravagance is the key-note of the century, and more especially as applied to our intimate surroundings. Our houses, food, clothes, and *personnel* generally grow increasingly luxurious, and therefore increasingly expensive, so that the fiction of elegant and exclusive meagreness with which they comforted their aristocratic souls under other administrations no longer exists, and Society is now seen to occupy itself solely in the pursuit of "coin," or the *saute-qui-peut* from pursuing poverty, which is the same thing, and of all horrors most deplored and dreaded. If we went more softly in our expenditure it need not play such a terrifying fortissimo on those overworked incomes of ours, to be sure. But how can our friends be asked to drink St. Julien at our house when everybody else dispenses Latour, or how can we do with an American walnut dining-room when Sheraton or Adams pervades that of our neighbours? While, when one arrives at the truly awful question of dress, which every year displays an increasing appetite for "allowance," and every quarter finds its exigencies have anticipated the next, there is nothing to be done,

seemingly, but to sigh and still go on spending. It is this charming spirit of emulating our dearest enemy that is to blame for much, no doubt, and our increased opportunities of expenditure as well; but, whatever the cause, facts solidly remain, and that paramount and all-absorbing money-hunt which rules the roost of the present century-end will doubtless prove a fruitful theme for philosophising scientists and debating clubs in an improved future which shall have reduced all our theories into long-since solid results and left itself no possible worlds or wants to conquer. Meanwhile, our difficulties of division and addition remain, while the subtraction question has really grown out of all proportion to both. Whatever a woman's income is now, she always wants more, and one chiefest difficulty of all our lives is how to keep pace with fast-walking fashion, and, still more, how to add to our possibilities of doing so. Long ago, ugly women had to remain so all their lives. The art of dress had not come which enables a plain woman nowadays to stand up to her well-favoured sister and rival, even excel if well imbued with the modern virtue of *chic*. Having gained this knowledge of a new weapon to her hand, woman naturally desires to use it; but the war-paint has to be bought, and so comes the outcry for its price.

Coming down to details, I have been often asked what sum constitutes a reasonable dress-allowance—a question which, of all others, can never be satisfactorily answered. One woman will do herself well on £50 per annum; another will be badly finished at five times that sum. Management enters into this more than all other questions, for nowhere have we a greater field for extravagance and economy. Our requirements are so many, to begin with—morning, afternoon, evening gowns; matinées, tea-jackets, tea-gowns, theatre-frocks, race-cloaks; wraps for torrid, temperate, or freezing weather; furs, ribbons, laces,



[Copyright.]

A VISITING-GOWN.

and the thousand uncountable furbelows of the most ordinary civilised estate, not to mention all the subterranean elegancies of linen, lace, silk, and cambric for which our virtuously unconscious grandmamas substituted stout calico and everlasting trimming. No wonder we cannot any longer dress and be passingly rich on £40 a-year. The

venue of this yesteryear is blotted out of our very imaginations, and the limitations of a heelless cloth-boots era and white-cotton stockings horizon can no more bound the modern girl's vision than could that of our chaste great-aunts expand to her high-stepping, silk-petticoated, cigarette-smoking descendant of to-day.

Exchanging generalities for a practical vista of the to be and not to be of millinery meanwhile, these three sketches, presented for the



[Copyright.]

A VERSION OF THE NEW SKIRT.

guidance of interested femininity, will somewhat convey the ethics of our sumptuary mood for at least some months to ensue. The house- or day-dress, with tightly shaped apron and buttoned-up back-view, is in the most literal last mood of inconsequent fashion. The pleated silk sleeves and yoke, both banded and bordered with rich embroidery, make good cause with the softly falling cashmere beneath, than which no material ever made more for subtle grace and harmoniously falling drapery.

Less original perhaps, inasmuch as that we have met its prototype at summer garden-parties, but not less suavely becoming, is this front view of a dainty dinner-dress, fashioned of ivory-white mousseline-de-soie, with black lace incrustations, and entre-deux of filmy Chantilly. The lining of bright-pink taffetas—that delicious vivid rose which one sees in a Belladonna Lily, for example—emphasises the modish harmony of black on white to admiration, and accomplishes an entirely charming little frock for lesser occasions. The same style with white lace on white mousseline made up over white silk has just been made for the young Queen of Holland, and expresses with the utmost suitability a young girl's "party-frock." Our long-continued Indian summer, that has made fur generally a remote contingency, and winter warmth an unrealised state of being, has given full scope to the mid-season costume, which in this climate of sternly set temperatures is usually little wanted or worn. Here we are, however, arriving at our own hall-doors in sunnier weather than the late July days of our departure, if that were possible. Eight or ten weeks of sea or sun or both, with hard country wear thrown in, will play havoc with the best-regulated wardrobe—all of which points to the inevitable "Q. E. D." of replenishment and renewal. The usual employment of mid-October is among stout boots, thick cloth frocks, and cosily fur-bound garments. But not so this year of grace and climatic glorification. To walk in furs we are at present unable to beg (the question in muslins) we are ashamed, and so the demi-saison costume advances itself as our only possible wear in the

character of enlightened and reasonable womankind. Wherefore this explicit and seasonable sketch of an outdoor gown as suited to our present atmospheric needs. The material is satin cloth in a slate-grey tone, the curved embellishments are of black Matalassé braid with a silver edge. The vest and collar of ivory lace over satin to match make useful effect with this fashionable but nevertheless sometimes "trying" tone of colour. A daintily built black hat, chiefly feathers and jet, completes the costume.

Apropos of this mildly mannered autumn, I have heard some old folk on reminiscences intent say that the abbreviated draperies and pseudo-Greek affectations of the Directory and First Empire were mainly the result of several abnormally hot seasons like the present, which had the effect of inducing giddy great-aunts to an over-liberal display of charms by an accentuated airiness of garment. These hot seasons passed, but the fashions they originated remained, and the partial nudity so gracefully countenanced by the Creole Josephine continued in fashion years after she had passed into a greater oblivion than Napoleon accorded her. The bare necks and arms and slipper-clad feet of our grandmothers were, therefore, a result of a hot season fashion, while the innumerable victims to cold, catarrh, and consumption they also occasioned will ever remain an unadded total of history. We are more sensible nowadays, and, when India makes a climatic exchange of compliments with England, recognise that it is only an episodic aberration of the barometer and behave accordingly. As an instance, however, of the extraordinarily dulcet atmosphere of this present puzzling October, I may mention that, when returning to town some days since, I brought back great, shaggy bunches of gorse and bell-heather, gathered the day before on a Welsh hillside while awaiting luncheon and a party of pheasant-seeking guns. Our last peaches were disposed of only last week, and our first snipe made its *entrée* next evening, so that one really feels one may not unreasonably ask what has happened to the seasons.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

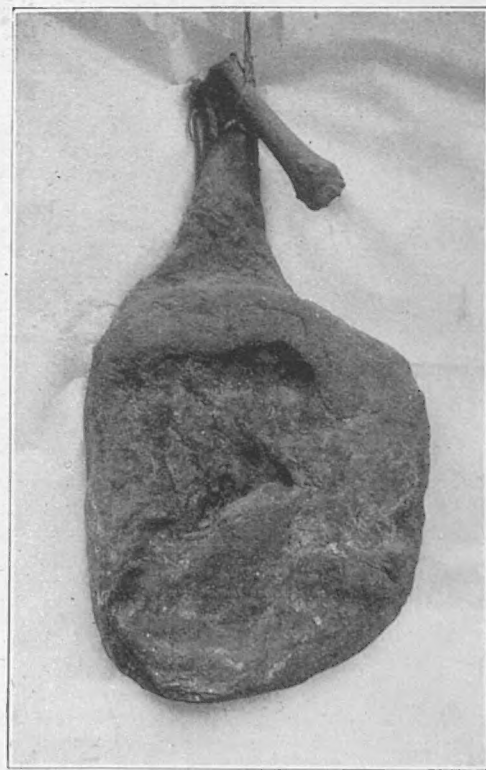
NORA VERE (Cheshire).—The Cricklite Lamps you ask about are to be had at 75, Regent Street, which is next door to St. James's Hall. I have no doubt they would send you an illustrated catalogue if you applied to them. I have seen the light in use and can thoroughly recommend it.

NESTA (Leamington).—The chinchilla skins could be made into muff and cape by Polands, of Ox'ord Street. You should send them on, and they would give you the estimate.

SYBIL.

A QUAIN CUSTOM.

Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, can boast of many curiosities, but few visitors to that historic town are aware of the fact that one of the most unique is in the possession of the postmaster, Mr. E. Prescott. Generations ago, the custom prevailed among the farmers of the district of killing a certain number of pigs and sheep and brewing a portentous quantity of ale on the birth of their first son. The meat was cut up into approved joints and the ale carefully tunned against the twenty-first birthday of the yeoman's heir. When that auspicious day arrived, a great feast was held, whereat the twenty-one-year-old sheep and pigs were washed down with copious draughts of the mellow ale. Any of the fragments that remained, in the shape of uncarved joints, were distributed among favoured guests, and one to be so honoured was Mr. Prescott's father, who received as his portion a piece of pig and a shoulder of mutton. The former was cooked and eaten fifty years after; the latter may still be seen hanging in Mr. Prescott's kitchen, and it can now claim to have reached the mature age of ninety-eight years. The strange thing about this antique shoulder of mutton is that it does not appear to have wasted through all these years; its weight to-day is 10 lb. 14 oz., and every British housekeeper would doubtless be satisfied with a fresh joint sealing at that figure. In Mr. Prescott's lovely old-world house at Woodstock there is another "lion," in the shape of an exquisite oak staircase, which attracts numerous American admirers.



AN ANCIENT SHOULDER OF MUTTON.

Photo by H. C. Shelley.

CITY NOTES.

The next Settlement begins on Oct. 25.

MONEY.

Rates have fluctuated considerably, but with the distribution of the Government dividends the tendency got easier, and day-to-day loans fell at one time to about $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Discounts, too, declined by quite $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., and the competition for bills increases faster than the supplies. Fears of dear money in Berlin have, however, caused the bill brokers to put prices up again for the moment. The Silver Market has been weak, as the influence of previous orders on Spanish account has to a great extent disappeared, while the power of India to absorb the supplies has proved unequal to the strain. The price of bars has fallen, and looks like going still lower.

ROCKS AHEAD.

The public steadily refuses to take a hand in Stock Exchange deals, or, in fact, to take any interest in the various boomlets which from time to time the professional operators endeavour to engineer. The holidays and dear money have, of course, something to do with that apathy which is producing something like despair among the ordinary run of brokers, but, after all, it is the general outlook and the various political troubles which are agitating Europe that are the real cause of the unsatisfactory position.

When one comes to think of it, there is no inconsiderable risk in either investing or speculating at the present moment, for while the profit in the majority of cases cannot reasonably be expected to be more than one or two points, should, by any unhappy accident, one of the political complications which are agitating the civilised world come to a head, the drop, in even such things as Consols, might be not one or two pounds, but ten or perhaps twenty, so that the person who either invests or speculates at this moment is practically taking about ten to one against any serious trouble supervening, and two or three to one against a scare.

In the forefront of the trouble stands the Fashoda complication, and we confess we take a serious view of the situation. The English Government cannot back down, and with the danger of France falling into the hands of the army, to say nothing of the pressing need of some diversion to cover up the Dreyfus scandal, it is very probable that matters may drift perilously near war before Major Marchand is got out of the Nile Valley. No doubt every sensible Frenchman devoutly wishes the gallant adventurer had never got there, but the temper of the English people has been so freely expressed in the Press that it will take a very strong Government in France to extricate the country from the mess into which Marchand's filibustering has got it. If the English Press would only let France back down without loss of self-respect, the affair might be adjusted, but we see few signs of such a fortunate escape.

If by a happy chance matters can be adjusted over Fashoda without a war-scare, China looms like a black cloud on the political horizon, and no man knows how long the break-up of the ancient Celestial Empire can be kept within the bounds of diplomatic action. Fortunately for the peace of the world, no one is ready to strike, and Lord Salisbury is pretty certain not to take advantage of the position and hasten matters. The prudent investor, however, cannot safely forget that he may wake up any day to find the march of events has been too rapid for even Lord Salisbury. Nor is this all. Crete is something like a plague-spot; Spain insists on talking nonsense about the terms of peace she will accept, as if she had any option in the matter; and from the River Plate and all sorts of dark corners come the rumblings of disputes, any one of which would be sufficient to upset the Money Markets of Europe.

We have had the sky as threatening before, and we have only enumerated a few of the disturbing elements which go towards making the public hold aloof from both investment and speculation at the present moment; but it would be folly to cry peace, peace, when there is no peace, or to expect that Stock Exchange matters will materially improve until the political horizon shows signs of clearing.

THE LONDON AND GLOBE EXPLANATION.

The amazing circular which "by the unanimous order of the directors" of the London and Globe Corporation has been sent to the shareholders has not produced a good effect upon the market. That any person would be satisfied by the explanations it contains is quite incredible. Apart from abuse of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it explains nothing. The late Financial Editor, we are told, was given a "tip," on which he acted, and bought Ivanhoe shares, resulting in a profit of £406. So far, so good. If a man, even a Financial Editor, likes to risk his money in a speculation, we see no particular reason to object; but why was the profit paid to him by a London and Globe cheque? All sorts of friends of ours in the City give us "tips," some of which we act upon and some of which we neglect, some of which result in profits, and some, unfortunately, in losses, but we have never received a cheque from the "tip"-giver. The late Colonel North was always giving his friends and acquaintances "tips" to buy shares in the various Nitrate concerns which he controlled: unkind people say that he used to sell, and support the market in this way; at any rate, his "tips" got to be a by-word among those who knew him, but, whether they came off or not, nobody ever heard of the Colonel handing over a cheque "in the ordinary course of business" in respect of a "tip" which he had given. To tell the truth, the whole story is simply absurd.

The management of the *Pall Mall Gazette* is to blame for

employing such a person as the late Mr. Baker, who was notoriously impecunious and not over-sober, and Mr. Whitaker Wright might as well tell us at once, without any circumlocution, that, finding an unscrupulous and venial man in a position of considerable power, he made it worth his while not to fall foul of the London and Globe Finance Corporation. It is too sad to think of this man Baker sitting in the seat which had been so long and so worthily filled by Mr. Charles Duguid, that very Paladin of City Editors.

INDIARUBBER (MEXICO), LIMITED.

For months there has been a controversy raging between the directors and promoters of this concern and a large body of dissatisfied shareholders, and our contemporary the *Financial Times* has taken the lead in "showing up" the affair. We have watched the dispute without joining in the fray, because none of our correspondents appeared to have been caught in the unfortunate speculation, and our columns have been very full of other matter. On Friday last, however, a most important document, signed by eight of the proprietors of neighbouring estates, made its appearance, from which it appears that the prospectus must have contained statements, no doubt innocently made at the time, which are not accurate, to use a mild term, and we strongly counsel the correspondent who has written to us this week to take steps for the rescission of his contract and the return of his money. If the shareholders stick together and fight the matter out, there appears to be now no doubt that they are bound to succeed.

KAFFIRS.

The South African Market has every appearance of being ready for a rise on a large scale, and, if either our friend Kruger would only go to the way of all flesh, or the transfer of Delagoa Bay were to become an accomplished fact, there would probably be a sharp advance. The public has so far stood aloof, but, if it were only clear that something was really going to be done for the mining industry, there would probably be some considerable and indiscriminate buying. It is not the right time for holders of depressed Africans (whether Transvaal or Rhodesian) shares to get out, for it looks as if a change might come over the market at very short notice.

Our Johannesburg correspondent sends us the following interesting letter from the spot, which seems to indicate that the local market keeps pretty close touch with London, and that the conditions ruling here are well understood in the centre of South African gold-mining—

SOME NEW RAND SCHEMES.

By what strange incongruity should it be possible for the starting of two little batteries in Matabeleland to be made the excuse for running up the price of well-established, reputable 160, 200, and 280 stamp propositions on the Rand? Yet that is what has happened. First it was the Anglo-German agreement, with the closing of Oom Paul and his perpetual exclusion from Delagoa Bay; then it was the story that Mr. Rhodes was the purchaser of the Delagoa Bay Railway; and these tarradiddles having each had its due weight with the market, it occurred to a Johannesburg wag to give prices a further lift by startling the Exchanges with the news that 20 stamps had been dropped at the Geelong and 10 at the Dunraven. Chartered forthwith went over 60s. at a bound; Simmer and Jacks (280 stamps), following the lead, were bid up to 85s., and dozens of other sound Rand stocks had sensational advances.

Of course, some of the leading Kaffir houses of late have been in a "bullish" mood, otherwise the dropping of 30 stamps at two different spots in the wilds of Rhodesia would have been seen in proper perspective. Long ago, in *The Sketch*, I gave the various dates at which the pioneer batteries in Matabeleland would start crushing—the Selukwe (Tebekwe Mine) and Bonsor are next in order—but apparently there was a deal of scepticism abroad, and the "bulls" in the market could not resist a sigh of relief, expressed in a very boisterous way, when they were reassured that 30 stamps had positively been dropped. Are we to look for a boomlet in Kaffir stocks on each occasion when 10 or 20 stamps are dropped in Matabeleland?

The various schemes of the Consolidated Gold Fields have been behind the movements of the Kaffir Market since the end of last year. A new policy was indicated by Mr. Rudd at the annual meeting of the company in London in November, and since then it is this group of capitalists who have been forcing the pace. Gold Fields stocks have made the running—Rose Deep, Glen Deep, Knight's Deep, Simmer East, Simmer West, Village Main, &c. These stocks (most of them being controlled jointly by the Rand Mines and Gold Fields) have taken the place of the Farrar group of mines (East Rand, &c.) as the pointers of the market. The new and more active policy was really forced upon the Gold Fields directors, who had to finance the enormous deep-level areas controlled by this company and its subsidiary, the Gold Fields Deep. Absorption of the latter company became a necessity, if the vast deep-level holdings were to be financed and exploited within a reasonable time. This is the true explanation of the amalgamation of the Gold Fields and Gold Fields Deep, and already, as a result of this amalgamation, various other schemes have been matured, including the flotation of the Village Deep, South Rose Deep, and South Geldenhuis Deep. The chief business of the Consolidated Gold Fields is to earn dividends for its shareholders, and by means of these and other deep-level flotations, of which details will be made public in the near future, the current year promises to be an excellent one for this corporation, though to bring about this possibility the Gold Fields group of capitalists have had to drop the political rôle in the Transvaal—for the time being—and answer to the charge of political inconsistency by those with whom they previously stood in line.

The year promises to show good returns for the Consolidated Gold Fields, but at present the improved prospects exist only on paper. Enormous blocks of shares have yet to be marketed before the improved prospects take the form of divisible profits, and to secure this marketing must be the aim of the Gold Fields group for the next six or twelve months. In this fact lies the promise of a more active market in Kaffirs for some time to come.

The East Rand group will take advantage of the present improved market to float a couple of additional subsidiaries. Development work on the Agnes Munro and the Cason Block is giving fairly satisfactory results. Of the three subsidiaries now milling the Angelo continues to show up best, and the Comet is still by a long way the "lame duck" of the trio. But it is hard to understand why, if the Angelo is such a fine mine—and it is a good mine, though

patchy—the directors persist in running only 60 stamps. They used to plead scarcity of native labour as the reason, but in recent months they have found labour enough to start 110 stamps at the adjoining mine, the Driefontein, and yet the Angelo is restricted to 60 and the Comet to 40. Why keep so many stamps idle?

The Eckstein-Wernher-Beit group are closely identified with a number of the more prominent schemes of the Consolidated Gold Fields, but, apart from these, the energies of this group are mainly concentrated for the present in bringing up the milling power of the Rand Mines subsidiaries to the amount provided for, labour being the chief difficulty in the way. The Geldenhuis Deep is now running 190 stamps, having only ten more to drop; the Crown Deep and Rose Deep have each about 180 stamps at work, the Jumpers Deep has 90, the Nourse Deep 70, and the Glen Deep has just made a start with a small number, which will be gradually increased.

The Barnato and Robinson groups were unprepared for the advance in the market, which, however, will make the various reconstructions in the two divisions all the more easily carried out. Messrs. Barnato have had a scheme in hand for some months for reconstructing the New Croesus, the Ordinary shareholders getting two shares in the new company for every five in the old. The Johannesburg Consolidated Investment Company takes debentures for its advances to the old company, amounting in all to £160,000. It has the option of converting these debentures into Ordinary shares at par, and a further option over forty thousand reserve shares at par. The Buffelsdoorn will also be reconstructed by-and-by on somewhat similar lines, and subsequently other moribund Barnato concerns will be dealt with in the same drastic fashion. Several Randfontein concerns will similarly receive the attentions of the J. B. Robinson group.

THE MISCELLANEOUS MARKET.

This market seems to be suffering from too much prosperity. All the dealers complain that they are idle, and that they cannot do any business. It seems that, when companies are paying dividends, there are no sellers, and when no one offers shares, dealers decline to make prices. An instance came before us the other day. A man wanted to buy a hundred shares in a very prosperous investment company. He gave the order to his broker, who went into the market, and returned depressed. "No one seems to know anything about the concern. I may get you a few at par." "Par!" exclaimed the would-be buyer, horrified; "why, I thought they were at 10s. premium." The broker's melancholy increased; he looked with pity upon his client, suggested "Liptons"—he thought he could deal in them. In the end, the buyer being quite determined not to go in for Yankee Rails, was obliged to invest his money in Liptons, which he didn't want, simply because neither jobber nor broker would be bothered to worry round to get what their client ordered. New companies come out week by week, and many of them are sound, genuine investments, but, because those who promote them decline to gamble in the shares, not a jobber in the House will make a price. It seems that there is a good opening for some big firm of dealers, with plenty of capital and sufficient brains to be able to find out the merits or demerits of the various companies, who would run a general book and make a price whether they had the stock or not. They might get caught once or twice, but in the end they would eat up all the small dealers, who know nothing and won't go home at night unless they have made their books even. The Miscellaneous Market is choked up with securities which pay excellent dividends, but which cannot possibly be bought unless the buyer has the patience of a Jew or the courage of a Dervish. We propose devoting some space occasionally to such securities, and those who have plenty of leisure and a little money will find entertainment and profit in attempting to buy scrip.

Electric Lights are a market the prices in which are daily quoted. Most of the companies are making far more money than they will ever admit, and some are quite uneasy as to the future of their balance-sheets. City of London, Westminster, St. James's, Chelseas, and Notting Hill Gates are all worth holding, because all these companies are certain to increase their dividends within the next few years. But if Electric Lights are worth holding, surely no sane person would still keep Cycle shares. Humbers, Singers, Elswicks, Eadies, and, James are perhaps good enough to keep, but most of the others have to face years of depression, while even the best of them must write down their capitals before they can hope to stand firm again. When things have settled down, then the wise man will buy himself a nice assortment of Cycle shares, and make money on the deal, but the time has not yet come. Of shares that we have persistently recommended, *Lady's Pictorials* are doing very well indeed, Chadburn's are full of work, and we are told Hardebeck and Bornhardt's have already made sufficient money to ensure a 10 per cent. dividend on the Ordinaries. Chadburn's stand at about 5s. to 7s. 6d. premium, but the others can still be picked up in occasional small lots round about par. The Willans and Robinson meeting was a great success. We hear that the works are very full of orders. This firm has specialties in high-speed engines which are practically unique, and even at present prices the shares are a sound investment. Electric Construction Ordinaries, £2 paid, are reasonably cheap at present rates, as the works are very busy and the capital is moderate, all things considered.

WESTRALIANS.

The public resolutely declines to come in, and, though all the dealers are fairly busy with Shop orders, we can see no signs of any boom. Those companies which are on the dividend list are quite high enough, in our opinion. Lake Views at anything over £10 are a speculation which may or may not pay for a gamble, but which do not tempt us. Ivanhoes are very much in the same position. They may see higher prices, but the chances are not sufficiently rosy for us to advise a purchase. Horseshoes are the plaything of a little clique who do what they like and delight in corners and such frivolities. Good as the mine may be, the shares are better left alone. If they are always bought upon

a fall and sold upon a rise, money might be made by the adventurous gambler; but we do not write for such. The great Horatio (is he still great?) is credited with having told all his most intimate friends that he will make more money between this and Christmas than he ever made in his life before, and this out of Market Trusts, which have, upon this tip presumably, feebly fluttered upwards, and now look like dropping. We regret that we cannot advise a gamble in the Bottomley stocks. The shop may spend £10,000 in putting up prices, and such a sum judiciously spent would do much good, but will the gentlemen who control the Market Trust risk so much? Are they not much more likely to plunge as many hundreds and then cry off? It is no use these worthy gentlemen saying that they will buy. It is no use their sending out orders to brokers unless they put up the money, and £10,000 hard cash is not easy to find just now—at least, in the Kangaroo Market. Nothing but solid buying and solid cash will lift really Northern Terrors, Associated Southern, &c. When the cash is forthcoming, and when the stocks rise, then will be the time for our country correspondents who bought in at high prices to cut their loss and let the shop take back the stock. We have not much belief that such a chance will occur, but we hope, for the sake of the many shareholders who have put money into Bottomley stocks, that it will. Associateds are all right. Here there is a backbone to the market, and, badly managed as the mine is, it cannot help turning out a steady supply of gold, while present developments are satisfactory. We hear good accounts of the Sons of Gwalia, but the shares are all pooled; the price quoted is merely nominal. The pool declines to sell under £2, and until the big mill starts running it is just as well to let the pool keep its shares. Lady Shentons are still good: the mine is looking well; and if Westralia Extensions had only one-half less capital, we should be inclined to speculate in them. But there is really no market in West Australian Stocks, and those who buy upon a slight rise will find it extremely difficult to snap a profit.

ISSUES.

Aron Electricity Meter, Limited, with a capital of £250,000, divided into 125,000 Six per Cent. Preference shares of £1 each, and a like number of Ordinary shares, is formed to purchase the business and patents of Dr. Aron, of Berlin. The chief articles the company will have to sell are an electric meter and an electric clock which goes without requiring to be wound and uses very little current. From the names on the directorate, it appears that Dr. Aron's inventions take a high place in the scientific world, but it is clear that for some time at least the principal profits will come from the Continental rather than the English branch of the business. If the whole of the Preference shares are subscribed, the company will have £45,000 available for the working of the business.

The Woven Leather Machine Belting Company, Limited, has been formed with a capital of £150,000, of which 50,000 £1 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares are now offered for subscription. The concern is one in which we would not invest our own money, for we should prefer to see the present owners of the patents work them and show some trading results, instead of being in such a hurry to transfer everything to a long-suffering public. This selling of patents for sums like £100,000 before they have been commercially worked very seldom turns out well for the buyers, and we doubt if this case will be an exception.

The Havana Cigar and Tobacco Factories, Limited, is a company which, backed by the influence of Henry Clay and Bock and Co., is formed to purchase and amalgamate five cigar factories and businesses in Havana. The concern appears to us just a bit "too previous," for the prospectus admits that all the businesses have been adversely affected by the Cuban troubles, and for our own money we should prefer to see how things in the island are going to get themselves settled before we invested. The profits before the revolution were very good, and Henry Clay and Bock and Co. guarantee that the company's income shall reach £32,200 a-year, so that it seems as if the interest on the Debentures and Preference shares was fairly secure; but the purchase price is £330,000 in cash and £250,000 in Ordinary shares, and there is no valuation. This is not the way to induce prudent people to put their money into Debentures.

Saturday, Oct. 8, 1898.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

IGNOTUS.—See this week's Notes. We should not advise sale at present, for the chances are more in favour of a considerable rise than a corresponding fall. The shares are not rubbish, and will be among the first to feel a general revival.

MEXICO.—See Note with respect to the concern in which you are a victim.

CYCLE.—(1) We think the concern will probably have to go through some form of reconstruction or lopping of the excessive capital from which it suffers, but it has a solid business. (2) Since you wrote to us a public announcement has been made that an offer of 7s. 6d. in the pound is to be made for the purpose of a general settlement. If the bulk of your co-shareholders accept, you had better fall in with them, because your amount is not large enough to fight for alone.

CONSTANT READER.—An expert in whom we have every confidence, and who has just been all over the West Australian goldfields, tells us that, as far as he can see, there are about twelve good mines, about twelve that may turn out well, and all the rest rubbish. Your concerns are not in either the first or second class.

UNRAVEL.—We do not know the London address of the people you refer to, but have set the City Police on the track.

BONÂ FIDE.—We advise no dealings.

NOR MOR.—There appears to be no reason for you to sell your Bank shares, which are among the best in England.

ARFAZ.—The position appears pretty hopeless, but the present price is so low that we should hold for a partial recovery. You will never get your money back, of course.

M. L. W.—We have handed your letter to the Editor. If you had read the Correspondence Rules you would never have sent it to "The City Editor," with whose province it has nothing to do.

S. J. B.—The dividends have usually been threepence a-month, and were, we know, paid up to May last. The secretary, at 10, Walbrook, will tell you what has been paid since if you write and ask him.